

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 27, 1963

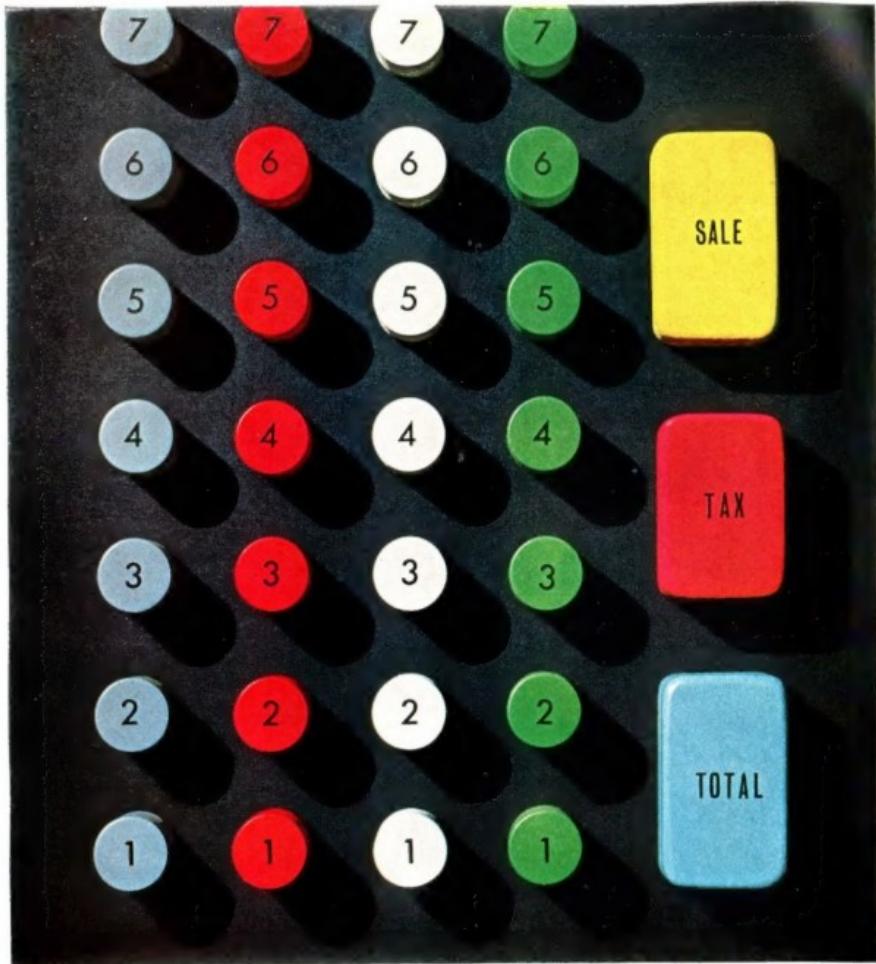
ALABAMA: Civil Rights Battlefield



Boni Giallini

GOVERNOR
WALLACE

VOL 82 NO. 13



How can a retailer sell himself to his employees?

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B.E.U. helps communicate the full value of group insurance and pension plans to each employee in personal, meaningful terms. B.E.U. helps make these plans an active part of the personnel program. The

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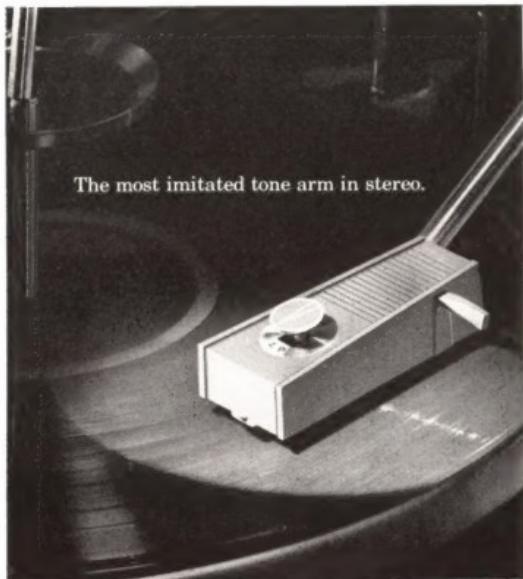
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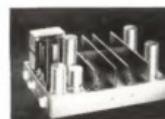
Zenith's new Micro-Touch Tone Arm* is available on 29 different stereo consoles and portables... including magnificent FM AM—Stereo FM consoles and TV combinations—with up to eight Zenith Quality high fidelity speakers.

Discover the truly exciting difference this amazing new Zenith Tone Arm makes in the sound of stereo reproduction. Hear it at your Zenith dealer's now!

*Available in either of two styles, depending on your choice of model.

Zenith The quality goes in before the name goes on

[The Zenith Micro-Touch 2G Tone Arm gives you the greatest stereo separation—truest frequency response—and most perfect sound reproduction ever achieved in a complete home console stereo instrument! Its 2-gram weight (only $\frac{1}{14}$ th ounce) plays your records a lifetime with virtually no record wear. And it will not put a scratch in the sound of a record! Drop it! Even slide it! It's impossible to accidentally ruin a record!]]



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Specifications subject to change without notice.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 27, 1963



Top to bottom:
USAF B-58 Bomber
Convair 990 Airliner
USAF F-106 Interceptor

GENERAL DYNAMICS - A MAJOR FORCE
IN MAKING AMERICA STRONG TODAY

The B-58, flying with the Strategic Air Command, is the world's first operational supersonic bomber.

The Convair 990 is the world's fastest and most comfortable airliner.

The supersonic F-102 and F-106 are the backbone of the Air Defense Command.

General Dynamics built them all.

We are now developing the new bi-service tactical fighter—the F-111 (TFX) at our Fort Worth Division.

General Dynamics has more experience than any other company in the design and construction of supersonic aircraft.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 25

CBS REPORTS: McNAMARA AND THE PENTAGON (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The controversial Secretary of Defense discusses the changes he has brought to the Defense Department.

GLYNIS (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). In the première episode of a new series, Glynis Johns as a mystery writer investigates her lawyer husband's client, whom she suspects of being a murderer.

MR. CASEY (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Sammy Davis Jr. portrays a baseball hero who loses an eye.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Première of Kaye's first regular TV show. Jackie Cooper joins him in songs, dances and sketches.

Thursday, September 26

THE WASHINGTON NEGRO (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Chet Huntley reports on the racial situation of the nation's capital, where the large Negro population is predominantly middle-class.

THE NURSES (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The dramatic series opens a new season with the story of a drug-addicted nurse (Susan Oliver).

Friday, September 27

THE GREAT ADVENTURE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Première of a dramatic series based on events in American history. The opener relates the first sinking of a ship by a submarine (during the Civil War). Jackie Cooper and James MacArthur star as two Confederate officers.

BURKE'S LAW (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). An unidentified tycoon is found murdered. Ann Harding, Dina Merrill and Jim Backus guest star.

CHRYSLER PRESENTS A BOB HOPE SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Season première of a new Bob Hope series. Guests are Dean Martin, James Garner, Barbara Streisand, Tuesday Weld and Les Brown and His Band of Renown.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Oscar Levant returns to the Paar podium, along with Gordon and Sheila MacRae. Color.

Saturday, September 28

THE NEW PHIL SILVERS SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Phil Silvers stars as a factory foreman whose job is threatened by an electronic computer.

Sunday, September 29

MY FAVORITE MARTIAN (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Newspaper Reporter Tim O'Hara (Bill Bixby) stumbles upon a Martian who has crash-landed on earth in the première of a new comedy series.

ARREST AND TRIAL (ABC, 8:30-10 p.m.). A soldier faces a court-martial for larceny and murder.

THE JUDY GARLAND SHOW (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Debut of the singer's first regular TV variety show.

ABC NEWS SPECIAL (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). The leading stories of the week.

Monday, September 30

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). "Executive Suite," starring William Holden and June Allyson,

• All times E.D.T.

watches five vice presidents vie for the presidency of a giant corporation.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Première of a new series about the film industry. Director John Huston narrates the first episode, a portrait of the late Humphrey Bogart.

Tuesday, October 1

COMBAT (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Ex-Fighting Champion Rocky Marciano makes his acting debut as a G.I., as two German soldiers attempt to infiltrate American lines.

MR. NOVAK (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A 16-year-old blind student falls in love with Teacher Novak.

THE RICHARD BOONE SHOW (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Richard Boone stars as a disillusioned hillbilly banjo player who finds love and true happiness back home in the hills.

APOLLO (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A comprehensive report on the U.S.'s manned moon project, prepared with the cooperation of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Color.

CINEMA

THE MUSIC ROOM. The story of an old baron who squanders his wealth on private musicals has been transformed by India's Satyajit Ray (the *Apu* trilogy) into a subtle and poignant tragedy of pride.

THE SUITOR. This nutty French novel stars Pierre Etaiak, who is also its director and screenwriter. Etaiak's grimly determined girl-chasing, his gazelle-like caperings, his soulful dead-pantomiming are hilarious, and the whole picture has about it a zany, silent-movie look—as if it had been made at the old Hal Roach studios under the direction of a madman.

WIVES AND LOVERS. Van Johnson, Janet Leigh, Martha Hyer and Shelley Winters toss around this ball of conubial catnip in sassy style, having fun with the lines but worrying none too much about the deeper meanings of the plot.

THE LEOPARD, Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale and Alain Delon star in this excellent Italian film about the fortunes of a fading princely household in 19th century Sicily. Luchino Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*) is the director.

LORD OF THE FLIES. With scarcely a nod to Novelist William Golding's chilling allegory of the essential evil in man's nature, the producers end up with little more than a scary adventure story about a band of castaway boys on a desert island.

THE GREAT ESCAPE. James Garner, Steve McQueen and an excellent all-male cast in an exciting and absorbingly detailed story about a wholesale breakout from a Nazi P.W. camp.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER. The poet and the anthologist corresponded for 46 years. Frost, a man who could not write a note for the milkman without giving it his own distinctive twist, writes of recurring tragedy in his family, his endless gripes with little worlds of editors, politicians and educators, his deep distrust of liberalism, and his fierce judgments of his fellow writers.

THE GIRLS OF SLENDER MEANS, by Muriel Spark. This brief comic novel concerns

seven young ladies who live at the May of Teck Club in London right after the war. Though penniless and threadbare, they plot to acquire love and money (in that order) with the determination and cunning of the girls in *The Best of Everything*.

TRAVELS IN FAR AND FAR OUT, by Anthony Carson. An engaging, if impractical, travel book by the most freewheeling, free-loading, freethinking tourist guide ever to enter the trade. Carson writes of his adventures from Wales to New Zealand with a gift for simple anecdote and occasionally a great lie.

THE GROUP, by Mary McCarthy. Vassar's cleverest alumna tells all about eight girls who might have graduated with her into the confused Depression world of New York in the '30s. Though it is brilliantly fictionalized sociology of a sad period, Vassar may think of it as a class portrait by Charles Addams.

THE UNMENTIONABLE NECHAEV, by Michael Pawlin. Serge Nechayev was the student terrorist whom the Czar imprisoned and whom the Soviets would like to forget. This youthful fanatic became the model for the nihilist Verkhovensky in Dostoevsky's classic study of the ethics and psychology of revolutionaries. *The Possessed*, and he devised the bleak dehumanized code of conspiracy and terror that became the model for Lenin's Bolshevik Party.

VISIONS OF GERARD, by Jack Kerouac. With this story of a big, noisy family of French Canadians in the mill town of Lowell, Mass., Beat Author Jack Kerouac joins J. D. Salinger in the small company of current writers who suggest that a child can be not only innocent but a prism of grace.

THE LEARNING TREE, by Gordon Parks. Like Author Parks, the hero of this novel grew up in the Negro part of a small town in Kansas. A kind of cross between *Tom Sawyer* and *Native Son*, the book is a blend of sunny memories of life in a large, affectionate family and the brooding fears of nameless violence waiting around almost every corner.

THEY FOUGHT ALONE, by John Keats. The story of American and Philippine soldiers who stayed—and fought—on Mindanao after the American retreat in 1942.

Best Sellers FICTION

1. **THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN**, West (1, last week)
2. **CARAVANS**, Michener (2)
3. **ELIZABETH APPLETON**, O'Hara (3)
4. **THE GROUP**, McCarthy (7)
5. **THE COLLECTOR**, Fowles (6)
6. **CITY OF NIGHT**, Rechy (8)
7. **THE CONCUBINE**, Lois (9)
8. **ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE**, Fleming (5)
9. **JOY IN THE MORNING**, Smith (9)
10. **BRIDE OF PENDORRIC**, Holt

NONFICTION

1. **THE FIRE NEXT TIME**, Baldwin (1)
2. **MY DARLING CLEMENTINE**, Fishman (7)
3. **I OWE RUSSIA \$1,200**, Hope (2)
4. **THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH**, Mitford (4)
5. **THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT**, Hopper (3)
6. **THE WINE IS BITTER**, Eisenhower (9)
7. **TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD**, Catton (8)
8. **THE DAY THEY SHOOK THE PLUM TREE**, Lewis (6)
9. **TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY**, Steinbeck (5)
10. **PACIFIC WAR DIARY**, Fahey (10)

Sentry reports

on the package approach to business insurance

"It's a breath of fresh air," said a businessman recently after six months experience with his "package" insurance policy. The comment is typical. A recent survey of businessmen showed what they wanted in business insurance. Protection, of course—but "simplicity, please," was an almost unanimous reaction.

What's different about the package concept? It wraps up all essential business insurance into a single policy. The Sentry Package, for instance, can include up to 51 kinds of insurance. Most of them would have been written under individual policies previously. There's only one premium notice, one expiration date, one check to write, one organization to deal with.



Left, Bob McClellan, San Diego, California businessman, had 20 different insurance policies on his business. Today, right, he has more protection with one Sentry package policy. He says, "It's simple, convenient, business-like. And I get 'wholesale' savings."



"Wholesale?" Some saw red! In our first announcement of the package policy, Sentry described it as a "wholesale" approach to business insurance. At "wholesale" savings. Some businessmen reacted negatively. Particularly retailers, to whom the term "wholesale" can be a red flag. But with a little further explanation they got the point—and liked it. It's a volume purchase of insurance, earning a volume savings. You're entitled—enjoy it!

How much are the savings? Total savings of 10 to 15% are not uncommon; can run as high as 20%. Many businesses plow the savings back into higher limits on liability, fire protection, etc.



**"Hardware Mu-----oops!
I mean Sentry Insurance!"**

Since we simplified our signature to Sentry, our switchboard operators may slip once in a while. Our apologies. Who's perfect?

Does a package offer more protection? Certainly. Coverage for all risks is as broad or broader than individual policies. And there is another angle you may not have thought about. Under single policies, coverage for a particular risk, say fire, may be split among several companies. This can mean long drawn-out negotiations between companies before a claim is settled. Necessary, but a nuisance, under the individual policy setup. With the package policy, Sentry handles all claims direct with you. No red tape. And with a package there's no chance of a single policy lapsing due to an oversight in paying premiums. No dangerous gaps, and no premium wasted on overlapping coverage. If you'd like some more information, write for free copy of "Business Insurance—Sentry Makes It Simple."



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Imagine that you were creating a pen so nearly perfect it's guaranteed for life.

Inlaying the flexible 14K gold point for additional strength.

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*Makes you realize the unusual care Sheaffer takes in creating its new LIFETIME
Pen. While you were not present at each stage in its manufacture, you can
personally supervise that wonderfully satisfying final step.*

Giving it to someone you hold in high regard.

Seven point styles—from fine accountant to broad stub. This pen fills quickly, cleanly, surely with a leakproof Skrip cartridge. Prices start at \$12.50. With matching pencil, \$20.00. Now in a night-blue gift box at your fine pen dealer's. Ask him for your free copy of "What will it be like—the 21st Century?" with descriptions of the electronic checkbook and other inventions of the future. Or write W.A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa.

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I can
be there
on time"

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Confidence is one of the important things our kind of service gives you. With Hertz behind you, you know you can make any appointment anywhere—because our service and our new Chevrolets are waiting everywhere to back you up.

let HERTZ put you in the driver's seat!



LETTERS

The Bombing

Sir: What absolute horror and senselessness is involved in the bombing of guiltless children—each a child of God, and of its mother and of our country. These are our children, bound to us in a multifaceted humanity!

And above all, this is our guilt for allowing such atrocity to take place.

ROSEMARY SOLE OLSTOWSKI
Freepost, Texas

Sir: In the atmosphere of unrestricted violence that has existed in Alabama, the bombing of the children at Sunday school was almost inevitable. Although the Governor's consistent and thoroughly predictable attitude has certainly contributed to the disgraceful situation, the ultimate authority, and therefore responsibility, has always been President Kennedy's. His spineless, "politically expedient," too-little-too-late policy can only have encouraged the extremists and fanatics.

RALPH KEEMEYER
Mexico City

Cinema's New Status

Sir: My compliments to Mr. Darrach for his superb article "A Religion of Film" [Sept. 20]. It leaves only one thing to be desired: the names of the young lovers in *Knife in the Water*. How could TIME put an attractive couple on the cover and fail to mention their names?

ROBERT ORESKO
Tenafly, N.J.

► Poland's Jolanta Umecka and Zygmunt Malanowicz.—Ed.

Sir: With one or two exceptions, the films you covered are cheap, shabby productions with cheap, shabby stories about cheap, shabby and mostly immoral people.

JOHN PETER DURAK
New York City

Sir: You should have fired Movie Critic Brad Darrach the day he slept through *The Horse Soldiers* and killed off John Wayne. We saw the flick, and Darrach was never again consulted.

KEN SCHULTZ
Weston, Conn.

Sir: "A Religion of Film" is a timely analysis of the emergence of a real 20th century art. The sensitive director is given the opportunity to express his feelings about life, about death, about man. Truly this must be essential in these times, for if

people can see and comprehend how others feel and act and react, cannot they better understand themselves and humanity?

ALLAN R. FOLSOM
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Fallout & the Eskimos

Sir: Congratulations on your sensible article discussing the potentially dangerous problem that the Alaska village of Anaktuvuk Pass has with fallout [Sept. 13].

The contamination in the Arctic is not only an American problem. Similar high levels of cesium 137 have been found in Scandinavia among the Laplanders. These countries have kept close watch on the problem for several years.

Until last year, our knowledge of the contamination of the Arctic food chain was nonexistent. There is now before the AEC for approval a proposal for a comprehensive program of research on the contamination of Alaskan Arctic fauna and flora. This proposal has been pending for months. It must be approved and shortly.

E. L. BARTLETT
U.S. Senator (Alaska)
Washington, D.C.

Sir: I personally know Simon Paneak (head of the Eskimo village of Anaktuvuk Pass), and I have high respect for him.

It may interest you to know that this Eskimo kept daily records for 15 years on the number and behavior of all the different species of migratory and nesting birds in his area.

HENRY S. FORBES
Milton, Mass.

Schuman in Luxembourg

Sir: In your article on Robert Schuman [Sept. 13] you stated that he was "reared in Loraine."

Mr. Schuman was born in Luxembourg, his parents having emigrated from Loraine after 1871. He received his primary and secondary education in Luxembourg's public schools.

GEORGES HEISBOURG
Ambassador of Luxembourg
Washington, D.C.

Kennedy's Coup?

Sir: Regarding your gratuitous credit for inspiration of our CIA exposé [Sept. 13], we wish to inform you that the inspiration came not from Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu but from the widely witnessed overt-covert games of coup promoters themselves, and

from some of those who got interesting offers. Many people here believe that if Kennedy is trying to solve his own problems—special forces, brother, religion and social-disturbances—by blowing them up in Viet Nam and then knocking them off with a *coup d'état*, he will fail on both sides of the world.

ANN GREGORY
Acting Editor
The Times of Viet Nam
Saigon

Romper Room

Sir: For 30 minutes each morning our two-year-old daughter enjoys the world of *Romper Room* [Sept. 13].

She thinks the pledge of allegiance ends with "Thank you for holding our flag," and can't be convinced that "Now we can have our refreshments" isn't the last line of a prayer.

I wonder what can possibly remain for a *Romper Room* student to learn when he or she finally reaches that mysterious something called "big school."

(MRS.) NORMA EPPINGA
Grand Rapids

Dove Shooting

Sir: Congratulations on a lively and readable story on the opening of dove season in the Imperial Valley [Sept. 13]. I was there, and your article captured the spirit of the occasion admirably.

A discordant note was struck, however, when you commented that "the only sour face belongs to the game warden."

Nearly all our game wardens are expert hunters themselves on their off-duty days. They have a feeling of respect and comradeship for honest sportsmen, and they enjoy the atmosphere and activity of a hunting-season opener. They try to keep it accident-free and successful for the hunter.

SIMON NATHENSON
California Department of Fish and Game
Los Angeles

Sir: The Imperial Valley ranchers hate dove shooting for the damages done to people, pets, wildlife and clothes hanging on the clotheslines. The villagers stay away from the country through fear of being "winged" by trigger-wild Davy Crocketts from the city.

Yet this crazy "war" goes on, in the name of sport, because the sporting-goods, beer and motel interests encourage the ignorant male ego to drive into the countryside and pick off our wild birds as they rise from nests at dawn.

JEANETTE O'DAY
Claremont, Calif.

Burke in Commons

Sir: Contrary to Senator Dirksen's statement in his Senate test ban treaty speech [Sept. 20], Edmund Burke was never Prime Minister of Britain. Though a brilliant orator and M.P., the closest he ever came to being even a Cabinet member was paymaster of the forces in the Rockingham Ministry of 1782.

F. M. WILHOIT
Professor
Drake University
Des Moines

Funerals: The Pain & the Profit

Sir: Many thanks for your revealing article on "The Business of Dying" [Sept. 20]. The undertaking business needs to be

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Imagine a street of jagged glass.

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A Dual 90 seals punctures instantly. Permanently. And with a special triple sealant that works while you keep right on driving. You'll never limp home on half-a-tire of air.

You can forget blowouts. Nygen Cords embrace these tires like steel cables.

Stop. Pass. Merge. Or swerve sharply. Even on rain-slick roads traction is terrific. With dual treads you feel safer because you are safer.

Wear is terrific too. General's exclu-

sive new Duragen rubber is super-tough. Always famous for long, safe mileage—Dual 90s now give you 30% more.

Actually you'll probably do the next owner of your car a favor.

There should be mileage left over for him.



THE GENERAL TIRE COMPANY



HELP MAKE HIM ALL THE
DOG HE'S MEANT TO BE

Can your dog trust you as much as you trust him?

A good guard dog is usually bred that way. It's part of his pedigree. But how well he lives up to his potential depends on how well he's cared for, how well he's fed.

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These are important reasons why Ken-L. Biskit is the official food at more American Kennel Club shows than 'all other dog foods combined.'

Dog Food of Champions

Small bits
for puppies
Medium for
larger dogs



exposed for its abuses of the emotions and pocketbooks of millions of American families who do not know what to do. Rarely are ministers asked to help plan burials—just to give the funeral service. Much of the high cost of burials comes from pagan adoration of the dead in open caskets. Let's hope reforms are on the way.

(THE REV.) WARREN C. McCLEAIN
Westminster Presbyterian Church
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: When I told our undertaker that I wanted my mother buried in a plain wooden coffin, he told me, "Only bums and nuns are buried in them."

MARY O'MALLEY CASTELLANO
Chicago

Sir: TIME writers compounded their ignorance of funeral service by putting Miford in a mortuary (temporary), whereas she's in a mausoleum (permanent).

WILLIAM BERG
Publisher

Mormany Management
Los Angeles

► TIME thanks Reader Berg for his cryptic correction.—Ed.

Pressies

Sir: After reading the pressies [Sept. 20], I was stunned not to see "March of Time".

MRS. WILLIAM ROUSE
Providence

Sir: "Noyes, from the Bugle." JEROME S. GROSS
Miami

Sir: "Sick, of the News." MRS. EDWARD HIRSCHMAN
Irvington, N.J.

Sir: "Mann, of the Hour"; "Spice, of Life"; "Lowering, of the Standard." JANE AND IRA AVERY
Noroton, Conn.

Sir: "Merrimac, from the Monitor"; "Pluto, from the Republic"; "Pontius, from the Pilot." SCOTT HARRISON
CRAIG BURNS
Los Angeles

Sir: We don't have to think up pressies. We are pressies.

MARY G. FERN
(Society Editor)
CHARLES J. FERN
(Publisher)
MIKE FERN
(Editor)

The Garden Island
Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii

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It holds 9 back seat drivers.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon may not be the whole solution to the population explosion.

But if you have nine kids or your hands are full, it's the last word.

Every kid wants a wheel. And even if Dad gets a wheel, there are 8 more.

There's a huge sunroof that looks back

at them, so they can see the road.

Because they're so close to the stars, they walk around like astronauts in their seats.

What if they sing? Don't worry. They can't sing together because they're all strapped in.

They're so close, they can't even hug. Maybe the most surprising thing is what happens to the windows. They just disappear.

That's a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

True, they

don't come in your driver

and they don't come in every color in the

rainbow, but they do get bigger

from the inside out.

So it is true that some of us

have to grow up.



New AE emergency reporting system ends "deaf, dumb and blind" alarm signals

Another better control system from the sure hand of Automatic Electric. Here is a new kind of city-wide emergency signalling—a big step beyond "break glass, pull handle" methods.

It lets eyewitnesses report the kind of emergency—and extent—by telephone.

Public telephone boxes throughout the community connect directly to fire headquarters and the police department through a central switchboard. When the handset in any box is lifted, it instantly puts in visual and audible alarms—even reports its location to an automatic typewriter.

Then, as the caller reports the nature of the emergency, the conversation is recorded, and the right kind of help is on its way almost before he hangs up.

In addition to bringing the right help fast, this new AE system drastically reduces city expenses by cutting the number of false alarms and unnecessary equipment callouts.

Bringing greater safety to cities is another example of what "AE can do" in building better control systems. If AE can help you with a control problem, write the Director, System Sales, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 27, 1963 Vol. 82 No. 13

THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

Of Druthers & Deficits

"No more important domestic economic legislation has come before the Congress in 15 years," the President of the U.S. told the nation last week. He was referring, in a televised talk, to the \$11.1 billion tax-cut bill. And to hear him describe it, the measure was the cure for everything except maybe halitosis and warts.

It offered something for everybody—more jobs, more buying power, more production. For the businessman, there would be new markets equal to the combined gross national products of Canada and Australia, and more "profits in his cash register" as well. For the taxpayer, there would be enough extra money "to pay the installments on a car, or dishwasher, or some other necessary expense." The bill would ease unemployment, take the sting out of automation, help eliminate juvenile delinquency and racial injustice and provide "insurance against recession."

Inflationary Time Bomb. If the bill was going to do all that, then why was it necessary for the President to drum

* Not so, retorted Ohio's Republican Representative Oliver P. Bolton. For an \$8,000-a-year man with a wife and two children, the category of worker Kennedy was thinking of, the tax cut would mean an extra \$4 a week, barely enough to cover interest costs on an installment-plan auto.

up popular support for it? The answer is that the bill is in trouble. And if there was more than a touch of demagoguery in Kennedy's 21-minute talk, it was rooted in the worry that his tax-cut measure would be defeated or rendered completely worthless. "There are those who, for one reason or another, hope to delay this bill," said the President darkly, "or to water down its effects."

As usual, Kennedy was talking about Capitol Hill Republicans—and as usual, he was completely ignoring the fact that his own Democratic Party has huge majorities of 257 to 176 in the House and of 67 to 33 in the Senate. Indeed, Administration vote counters are worried that as many as 40 House Democrats may jump the party ship.

Yet at the same time, there was no doubt about a determined G.O.P. drive to link a tax cut with a reduction in Government spending. One attempt to do just that was defeated by a single vote in the House Ways and Means Committee two weeks ago, but the so-called "Puritan ethic" amendment touched a responsive chord in the nation. Encouraged by the reaction, House Republicans met last week, overwhelmingly agreed to introduce an even tougher amendment when the bill reaches the floor this week. The proviso would delay the tax cut unless the President, in January's budget message, promises to hold spending to \$97 billion for the current fiscal year (v. an already budgeted \$98.8 billion) and to \$98 billion for fiscal 1965. Without such a rider, said Wisconsin's John Byrnes, ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee, the tax cut would "set off a time bomb of inflation."

With the rider, Kennedy feared, the bill would be as good as dead, and his congressional liaison men reported that the vote on it would be uncomfortably close. "If we get five Republicans," said one aide, "that will be four more than I can count now." Worried, Kennedy sent his aides scurrying up to Capitol Hill to line up votes against the amendment. The bill, said Kennedy, "must not be diluted by amendments or conditions. It must not be put off until next year. This nation needs a tax cut now, not a tax cut if and when, but a tax cut now and for the future."

Kennedy's arguments left economy-minded Congressmen cold. "Everyone is for a tax cut," said Republican Ways



GIFT HORSE

and Means Committee chairman Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri, "but you have to earn it by cutting expenditures." Accusing Kennedy of practicing "credit-card government," G.O.P. National Chairman William Miller demanded equal time to reply, quickly got half-hour spots on two successive evenings from the networks. Opening the counterattack, Byrnes charged that "this Administration is taking an unprecedented gamble" by betting that the tax cut "will give us a noninflationary, continuing economic growth rate far beyond any we have ever achieved." Following up, Curtis claimed that Kennedy has adopted "a new and untried fiscal theory—planned deficits."

Broking the Juggernaut. G.O.P. legislators were not the only Americans who had qualms about a tax cut without a parallel cut in spending. A poll of 1,588 business and professional leaders conducted by the Research Institute of America for General Electric's *Forum* magazine showed that only 11% favored tax reduction without a comparable reduction in Government expenditures. An overwhelming 85% thought the two ought to go hand in hand.

In key industrial centers, businessmen are all but unanimous in their sentiment for a tax cut—if something is done about spending. Many say that the economic upturn, now 2½ years old, shows no signs of slackening and needs no



"I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SHOT IN THE ARM FOR THE ECONOMY!!!"

artificial stimulus, but they agree with Inland Steel Chairman Joseph Block that "for the long-range benefit of the economy, we need lower taxes." A significant number are worried, however, that if spending keeps spiraling, the effect of the cut will be very inflationary.

"If I had my druthers," said Vice President W. L. Strong of Los Angeles' Packard Bell Electronics, "it would be for a cut in spending. In the long pull, without reductions in spending, the effect of a tax cut would be to create an

inflation so disastrous as to outweigh any advantage." One San Francisco executive wanted some sort of pledge that the Government "is doing its damnedest to put the brakes on this federal juggernaut. I'm thinking of my children and grandchildren, and the whirlwind they will inherit." But Crown Zellerbach President Reed Hunt demurred. "You can't get inflation if demand is fully supplied," said Hunt, echoing Kennedy's argument that a tax cut would stimulate, but not inflate, the economy.

A Cut, But . . . Still, nearly everybody is for "a tax cut, but . . ." Everybody wants the extra cash, but most would be happier if there were assurances that it would not mean inflation. Some, notably Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, would feel better if the bill included a more basic reform of the hedgegodge U.S. tax structure. The Senate has its reservations too. Said Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen, "I would be surprised if we have a bill by Christmas, if at all."

FOREIGN AID: HOW IT WAS SPENT IN 1962

Last month the House of Representatives whacked \$998 million off President Kennedy's \$4.5 billion foreign aid request. With a Senate showdown approaching, the Administration last week made pub-

lic the rundown on how foreign aid money was spent in fiscal 1962. Economic aid includes some support for military efforts; between 63% to 70% of each foreign aid dollar goes for military spending.

	Economic	Military	Total
	(In Millions of Dollars)		
EUROPE			
Belgium	15.9	15.9	31.8
Denmark	44.4	44.4	88.8
France	5.0	5.0	10.0
Italy	70.7	70.7	141.4
Luxembourg	.02	.02	.04
Netherlands	25.3	25.3	50.6
Monaco	47.1	47.1	94.2
Poland	1.4	1.4	2.8
Portugal	7.8	7.8	15.6
Spain	14.5	35.3	49.8
United Kingdom	21.2	21.2	42.4
West Berlin	.05	.05	.10
West Germany	.4	.4	.8
Yugoslavia	5	.5	5.5
Interstate	56.1	56.1	112.2
Mutual Weapons Development Program	8.0	8.0	16.0
Europe area undistributed:	33.2	33.2	66.4
	\$16.45	\$370.42	\$386.87
FAR EAST			
Burma	.9	.9	1.8
Cambodia	29.1	9.4	38.5
Indonesia	22.0	22.8	44.8
Japan	4	70.5	70.9
Korea	125.7	218.7	344.4
Laos	27.5	74.5	102.0
Nationalist China	28.4	174.9	203.3
Philippines	4.0	27.2	31.2
South Viet Nam	124.3	176.5	300.8
Thailand	34.0	81.0	115.0
Regionals	2.2	2.2	4.4
Far East area undistributed:	15.9	15.9	31.8
	\$399.3	\$848.60	\$1,247.90
NEAR EAST AND SOUTH ASIA			
Afghanistan	38.5	38.5	77.0
Ceylon	1.4	1.4	2.8
Cyprus	.7	.7	1.4
Greece	30.3	119.4	149.7
India	465.1	465.1	930.2
Iran	54.3	53.06	107.46
Iraq	8	84	92
Israel	45.4	45.4	90.8
Jordan	43.8	3.9	47.7
Lebanon	4	.05	.45
Nepal	3.8	3.8	7.6
Pakistan	240.9	classified	240.9
Saudi Arabia	classified	classified	classified
Syria	23.9	23.9	47.8
Turkey	73.2	179.3	252.5
United Arab Republic	41.9	41.9	83.8
Yemen	6.8	6.8	13.6
CENTO	2.4	2.4	4.8
Regionals	3.7	3.7	7.4
near East and South Asia area undistributed:	55.4	55.4	110.8
	\$1,077.40	\$411.15	\$1,488.55
LATIN AMERICA			
Argentina	21.9	2.2	24.1
Bolivia	31.8	4.4	33.2
Brazil	94.5	23.8	118.3
Chile	142.4	8.3	150.7
Colombia	37.9	9.8	47.7
Costa Rica	1.9	.5	2.4
Dominican Republic	26.0	9	26.9
Ecuador	19.9	2.3	22.2
El Salvador	3.1	.8	3.9
Guatemala	2.2	.5	2.7
Haiti	6.8	2.2	8.0
Honduras	2.9	1.0	3.9
Mexico	20.6	3	20.9
Nicaragua	3.5	1.8	5.3
Panama	12.4	8	13.2
Paraguay	1.1	.5	1.6
Peru	26.6	10.0	36.6
Uruguay	3	2	5.1
Venezuela	11.1	.9	12.0
British Guiana	1.4	.5	1.4
British Honduras	.5	.5	1.0
East Caribbean	2.6	.5	2.6
Jamaica	1.0	.5	1.0
Surinam	4	.5	4.5
Regionals	13.4	.5	13.4
Latin America area undistributed:	1.7	.5	1.7
	\$478.20	\$71.90	\$550.10
AFRICA			
Algeria	3	.5	3.5
Cameroon	12.5	3	12.8
Central African Republic	2	.5	2.5
Chad	3	.5	3.5
Congo (Brazzaville)	1.2	.5	1.2
Congo (Leopoldville)	66.9	.5	66.9
Dahomey	.7	.1	.8
Ethiopia	6.3	11.7	18.0
Gaborone	4	.5	4.5
Ghana	62.8	.5	62.8
Guinea	6.8	.5	6.8
Ivory Coast	2.1	.5	2.2
Kenya	3.2	.5	3.2
Liberia	10.8	1.8	12.6
Libya	11.2	.7	11.9
Malagasy Republic	7	.5	7.5
Mali	2.6	.24	2.84
Niger	30.7	classified	30.7
Nigeria	1.2	.1	1.3
Rhodesia-Nyasaland	21.0	.5	21.0
Senegal	2.8	.5	2.8
Sierra Leone	3.0	2.5	5.5
Somaliland Republic	1.5	.5	1.5
Sudan	11.2	.5	11.5
Tanganyika	2.4	.5	2.4
Togo	1.2	.5	1.2
Tunisia	28.2	classified	28.2
Uganda	3.6	.5	3.6
Upper Volta	9	.5	1.0
Zanzibar	1	.5	1.5
Regionals	8.1	.5	8.1
Africa area undistributed:	16.7	.5	16.7
	\$315.30	\$34.34	\$349.64
Nonregional	—	95.07	95.07
Grand Total	\$2,286.65	\$1,831.48	\$4,118.13

* Pipelines, airfields and other troop-support expenses.

† Classified items; also administrative expenses for multinational programs.

‡ "Regional" expenditures include multinational programs for given areas.

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Sunday School Bombing

Sunday morning, Sept. 15, was cool and overcast in Birmingham. Sunday school classes were just ending in the basement of the yellow brick 16th Street Baptist Church, the city's largest Negro church and the scene of several recent civil rights rallies. The morning's lesson was "The Love That Forgives," from the fifth chapter of *Matthew*.[†] Four girls—Carole Robertson, 14, Cynthia Wesley, 14, Addie Mae Collins, 14, and Denise McNair, 11—left the classroom to go to the bathroom.

At 10:22 the bomb exploded, with the force of ten to 15 sticks of dynamite. It had been planted under the steps behind the 50-year-old building.

Great chunks of stone shot like artillery shells through parked cars. The blast shattered the windshield of a passing car, knocked the driver unconscious. A metal railing, torn from its concrete bed, lanced across the street into the window of the Social Dry Cleaning store. Next door, customers at the Silver Springs Restaurant were knocked to the floor. In nearby Kelly Ingram Park, pieces of brick nipped the leaves off trees 200 ft. from the blast.

Beneath the Robe. Inside the church, a teacher screamed, "Lie on the floor! Lie on the floor!" Rafters collapsed, a skylight fell on the pulpit. Part of a stained glass window shattered, obliterating the face of Christ. A man cried: "Everybody out! Everybody out!" A stream of sobbing Negroes stumbled through the litter—past twisted metal folding chairs, past splintered wooden benches, past shredded songbooks and Bibles. A Negro woman staggered out of the Social Dry Cleaning store shrieking "Let me at 'em! I'll kill 'em!"—and fainted. White plaster dust fell gently for a block around.

Police cars poured into the block—and even as the cops plunged into the church, some enraged Negroes began throwing rocks at them. Rescue workers found a seven-foot pyramid of bricks where once the girls' bathroom stood. On top was a child's white lace choir robe. A civil defense captain lifted the hem of the robe. "Oh, my God," he cried. "Don't look!" Beneath lay the mangled body of a Negro girl.

Bare-handed, the workers dug deeper into the rubble—until four bodies had been uncovered. The head and shoulder of one child had been completely blown off. The remains were covered with shrouds and carried out to waiting ambulances. A youth rushed forward, lifted a sheet and wailed: "This is my sister! My God—she's dead!"

The church's pastor, the Rev. John

[†] Verses 43-44: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."



DENISE McNAIR

CAROLE ROBERTSON



ADDIE MAE COLLINS CYNTHIA WESLEY
"We give love—and we get this."

Cross, hurried up and down the sidewalk, urging the milling crowd to go home. "Please go home!" he said. "The Lord is our shepherd, and we shall not want." Another Negro minister added his pleas. "Go home and pray for the men who did this evil deed," he said. "We must have love in our hearts for these men." But a Negro boy screamed. "We give love—and we get this!" And another youth yelled: "Love 'em? Love 'em? We hate 'em!" A man wept: "My grandbabby was one of those killed! Eleven years old! I helped pull the rocks off her! You know how I feel? I feel like blowing the whole town up!"

The Birmingham police department's six-wheeled riot tank thumped onto the scene and cops began firing shotguns over the heads of the crowd while Negroes pelted them with rocks. Later, Negro youths began stoning passing white cars. The police ordered them to stop. One boy, Johnny Robinson, 16, ran, and a cop killed him with a blast of buckshot. That made five dead and 17 injured in the bomb blast.

"I Can't." Several miles away, on the worn-out coal-field fringe of Birmingham, two young Negro brothers, James and Virgil Ware, were riding a bicycle. Virgil, 13, was sitting on the handle bars. A motor scooter with two 16-year-old white boys aboard approached from the opposite direction. James Ware, 16, told what happened then: "This boy on the front of the bike turns and says something to the boy behind him, and the other reaches in his pocket and he says *Pow! Pow!* with a gun twice. Virgil fell and I said, get up Virgil, and he said, I can't, I'm shot."

And so six died on a Sunday in Birmingham.

Where the Stars Fall

[See Cover]

A cold cigar lay on the edge of the littered desk. Sitting behind the desk, Alabama's Governor George Corley Wallace, 44, seemed charged with electric intensity. His eyes, burning like lasers, were dark, deep, and eyebrowed over with black hands. His voice was deceptively soft, grace-noted with a Southern drawl, yet tinged with anxiety.

"I deplore violence," said Wallace. He reached for a pack of Dentyne and put a piece in his mouth. "But who started all this violence? There's a lot of agitators and the Communist Party mixed up in this picture, and people pooh-poohing around sitting up in their ivory towers, a bunch of sissy britches." He paused. "I don't believe just because somebody has a grievance that you should destroy the whole fabric of the Constitution, of private property. You don't burn the house down to destroy a rat." Wallace stood up and walked about the office. "If they go ahead," he said, "they will destroy a lot more than they realize."

"**Why Did He Do It?**" When he talks like that, Wallace sounds like an ordinary Alabama redneck. But he is no such thing—and the more's the pity, since he has become an international symbol of the demagogic segregationist in the Southern region of the U.S. Wallace is in fact a smart, capable lawyer who has in many ways been a first-rate Governor. Since he took office last January, he has pushed through sizable raises in teachers' salaries, begun a big school-construction program, successfully sponsored a \$100 million bond issue for roads, cut his own executive department budget by better than \$100,000 a year, and—according to statistics that he loves to flourish—persuaded some \$250 million worth of new industry to locate in Alabama.

But on the question of civil rights, Wallace is a much different man. He combines the zeal of the true believer with the politician's sharp eye for the success that a segregationist stand can bring in the South. He has deliberately defied the law of the land. He has deliberately sought showdown confrontations with the Federal Government. When those showdowns came, he withstood exception retreated—as he knew all the while he would have to.

Yet in the wake of his retreats he has left passions that could lead only to such sickening crimes as Birmingham's Sunday school bombing. Today, many Alabamians who yield nothing to Wallace in their devotion to segregation accuse him of bringing about the bombing almost as surely as if he himself had planted the dynamite sticks. Says Birmingham Real Estate Dealer Sidney Smery, 66, a lifelong segregationist and former state legislator who in recent months has tried to act as a mediator in his city's racial disputes: "There wouldn't have been any trouble if Wal-

lace had stayed out. Why did he do it? Why didn't he let us alone?"

The Brooding State. Why, indeed, didn't he? The answer can partly be found in the life and personality of George Wallace himself. But it can only have real meaning when understood alongside the history of Alabama, a dark and brooding state. Back in the oldtime slave days, the conjure women used to say that the state's destiny was firmly fixed on an awful night long before, when stars fell on Alabama—in a huge, scarring meteoric shower. Alabamians still tell that legend on themselves—and in a curious way it explains much about Alabama as a state of deep superstitions, fierce pride, sudden violence and voiceless fears.

An Immense Irony. With cotton as king and the Negro as slave, Alabama was in the forefront of the secessionist movement that led to the Civil War. It was in Montgomery that the South established the Confederacy and made Jefferson Davis its President. Proudly, Alabama sent about 120,000 men—nearly all of its male white population—into the Civil War. Proudly, it boasted 39 generals. Proudly, it was vanquished.

But unlike many of its sister Southern states, Alabama suffered few ravages from Union troops; indeed, the most notable battle came on the water, with Farragut's damn-the-torpedoes victory in Mobile Bay. What the war did do was rip the foundations from beneath Alabama's cotton-based economy. And what the Civil War did not finish, the boll weevil did.

As a state, Alabama came to know the darkest sort of poverty and to experience the bitterness and hatred that such poverty can inspire. Even today, Alabama rates 47th among the states in per capita income (\$1,538), leading only Arkansas, South Carolina and Mississippi. And, at a time when George Wallace is inveighing against the Federal Government in the name of states' rights, the extent to which Alabama depends on economic help from the Government is an immense irony.

When cotton ceased to be king, Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal took its place. The issue of federal v. state sovereignty was all but buried under the weight of federal dollars for public power, military installations, dams, forests and seas of pork-barrel projects. (In 1962 the U.S. Government poured \$229 million in grants-in-aid into Alabama.)

The northern tier of Alabama, once pathetically barren, now flourishes under the spur of the Tennessee Valley Authority's cheap public power and of the mushrooming U.S.-financed space-age industries. The missile city of Huntsville, with its glistening new office buildings, is the jewel of the valley area. During the decade of the '50s, it almost quintupled in population, now approaches 100,000. West of Huntsville,

the tri-cities complex of Florence, Sheffield and Tuscaloosa is bursting with new heavy industry, while southeast is Guntersville, a thriving resort area that features fine fishing, sailing and impressive scenery. There, too, along the Tennessee River, is a splendid rolling countryside and good red earth that produces much of Alabama's annual 700,000-bale cotton crop.

Across the whole valley, the federal presence has created the most economically and racially stable section of Alabama. A few months ago, for example,

THE HERALD—BLACK STAR



WALLACE'S DOORWAY STAND IN TUSCALOOSA
Blocking the way to understanding.

Huntsville desegregated its eating places with hardly a segregationist howl to be heard.

Without Bicker or Bother. Below the northern tier is the Black Belt, cutting a 100-mile-deep, 14-county swath across the state. The Black Belt got its name not so much for its concentration of Negroes as for its fertile dark brown soil. Once the heart of Alabama's cotton kingdom, the rolling, sparsely populated belt has changed radically in recent years: the houses where cotton sharecroppers once lived are now stuffed with hay to feed cattle, for livestock raising has become Alabama's No. 1 agricultural business.

Racist sentiment runs high in the Black Belt. This feeling certainly in-

cludes the belt's major city—and state capital—of Montgomery (pop. 134,000), which prides itself on its wide avenues, colonnaded houses, and its devotion to the cause of segregation. It was in Montgomery that Martin Luther King Jr., seven years ago won a boycott battle to integrate the city's buses; yet today Montgomery whites contentedly point out that most Negroes still sit in the rear of buses because "that's where they like to ride."

To the south is the narrow corridor that gives Alabama access to the sea. The major seaport city of Mobile (pop. 202,000) likes to think of itself as a miniature New Orleans. A cosmopolitan place, Mobile exudes a certain Southern charm, with towering live oaks along the streets, and botanical gardens featuring beautiful azaleas and camellias. Though the harbor is Mobile's chief resource, industry too has come to town: Alcoa is there, along with a couple of paper mills and a fast-growing chemical industry. Like Huntsville, Mobile quietly desegregated its lunch counters without bicker or bother.

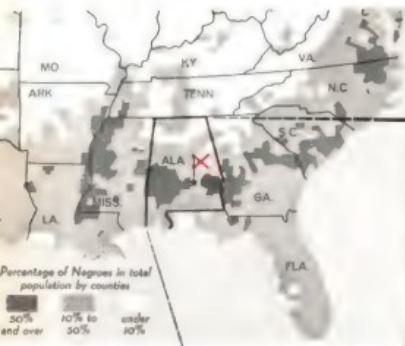
"Bombingham." And then there is Birmingham—an entity of its own, a region of the mind. A sooty, sprawling city of 340,000, Birmingham has been called the Pittsburgh of the South. Yet except for its location, it is hardly a Southern city at all.

The center of an area rich in minerals, ranging from iron ore to arsenic, Birmingham was only founded in 1871, has none of the antebellum traditions or grace of the Old South. Its symbol since 1936 has been a forbidding 60-ton, 50-ft.-high, aluminum-coated statue of Vulcan, who was the Roman god of fire. Vulcan, high atop Red Mountain, drew workers like moths from all over the state. Most of them were unschooled, out-of-work farm people, attracted by the promise of prosperous city life.

But instead of finding that life, they found only more poverty, sporadic unemployment—and the threat of job competition from the city's large (40%) Negro population. The result is described by University of Alabama Philosophy Professor Irrell Jenkins in a perceptive if unprofessorial comment. "The obvious thing about Birmingham," says Jenkins, "is that there's just a lot of goddam white trash that's conglomerated there." It is, therefore, no coincidence that since 1947 "Bombingham" has known 50 bombings that can be ascribed to racial conflict—and not one of them has been solved.

All this, then, is Governor George Wallace's Alabama—and he is a true product of his state, with all its conflicts and contrasts, its red moons, pine forests, and roiling yellow rivers.

New Deal. He was born in the Barbour County town of Clio (1962 pop. 900). His father, a member of the county board of revenue, died at 40, leaving George to help support his mother. He



was a little kid (today he stands 5 ft. 7 in., weighs 150 lbs.), and a tough one. In high school he became a 98-lb. quarterback on the varsity football team, won Alabama's hantamweight Golden Gloves championship in 1936 and 1937, later fought professionally in one-night stands in tank towns.

Wallace earned his way through the University of Alabama driving taxicabs and slinging hash. He was a big man on campus, a smiling gladhander with the ability to get good grades without excessive study, and he was fascinated by politics. Wallace was, among other things, an ardent New Dealer. Recalls George LeMaistre, who taught Wallace in law school: "In his mind, Franklin Roosevelt couldn't do anything wrong."

When he got out of law school, Wallace could not afford to set up a law practice. He collected 1,000 coat hangers, sold them and his old clothes, lived on the meager proceeds until he got a job—driving a dump truck. He was still piloting the truck at 23, when he met a clerk in a dime store named Lurleen Burns, 16. They were married in May 1943 and now have four children.

After serving in the Air Force as a B-29 crew member (nine combat missions in the Pacific), Wallace returned to Alabama, put on his political boxing gloves and began slugging. He talked himself into a job as state assistant attorney general, and in 1947 was elected to the legislature. There he sponsored a series of New Dealish bills aimed at helping Alabama in its desperate reach for prosperity.

Snoopers. In 1952 Wallace ran successfully for circuit judge in the third judicial district. In no time at all, he was inviting the Federal Government to step into the ring and put up its dukes. In 1958, during an investigation of voting rights, Wallace defied a federal court order to hand over records to the Justice Department. Instead, "the Fighting Judge," as he came to be called, threatened to imprison any FBI agent who invaded his circuit on a "snooping" mission.

That occasioned the first of George

ALABAMA



Wallace's several retreats in the face of federal authority. The federal judge was Frank Johnson Jr., an old university buddy, and he again ordered Wallace to produce the records. Wallace refused. Johnson then issued a show-cause order, threatening Wallace with contempt. There ensued a hearing, after which Johnson dismissed the contempt citation—on the ground that Wallace had in fact "through devious methods assisted said agents in obtaining" the records. To this day, Wallace insists that it did not happen that way. "This Washington

crowd had the federal judge back down," he protests. "When and if they say they didn't back down, they are integrating, scalawagging, carpetbagging liars!"

Yet in running for Governor in 1958, Wallace did not campaign as a diehard defender of segregation, but as a candidate who would work to bolster Alabama's economy, build better schools and better highways. He was defeated in the Democratic primary by John Patterson (TIME cover, June 2, 1961), who did run on an all-out segregationist platform. In that defeat Wallace learned a lesson. "They just out-segged me," he said to friends. "They're never going to do that again."

They never have, Wallace ran again for Governor in 1962, and this time he was spouting segregationist fire that burned hotter than Vulcan's torch. "As your Governor," he cried, "I shall re-



WALLACE AS BOXER (CIRCA 1940)

use to abide by illegal court orders to the point of standing at the schoolhouse door if necessary."

Ready for Reaping. Largely on the basis of his pledge to stand in the schoolhouse door, Wallace was easily elected Governor—and he soon got a chance to live up to his promise. Under federal court order, two Negroes, James Hood and Vivian Malone, were scheduled to enroll in the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa last June. For months prior to that, University President Frank Rose had painstakingly planned to comply with the court order in a way that would avoid violence. Rose made it perfectly plain that he did not want Wallace butting in.

But Wallace was undaunted. He would, he still insisted, bar the way to the Negro students; apparently he wanted to force federal marshals to arrest him and haul him off to jail. To be sure, his action might result in some blood-letting, but there seemed plenty of political profits ready for reaping.

In Washington, Attorney General Bobby Kennedy and the White House were determined that Wallace would not get his way. For days the Attorney General and his staff studied a variety of contingency plans. They examined maps, plotted troop movements. Deputy Attorney General Nick Katzenbach set up headquarters in Tuscaloosa. Federal marshals were assembled. Justice Department Aide John Doar briefed the two prospective Negro students ("You should dress as though you were going to church, modestly, neatly").

A Little Push. Shortly before the big day, Bobby and several aides drove to the White House and sat down with the President to lay out their plans. Katzenbach, explained Bobby, would drive to the campus with the two Negroes and leave them in the car. He would walk up to the school entrance where Wallace would be waiting. Katzenbach would ask Wallace politely to step aside and permit the students to enter, as the federal court had ordered. Wallace presumably would refuse. Katzenbach would then order the students to be taken to



WITH FAMILY*

Step into the ring, he told Washington, and put up your dukes.

their dormitories. Bobby would be notified and in turn would tell the President, who would then sign a prepared executive order federalizing the National Guard. Katzenbach would return to the school door and again confront Wallace. This time he would have with him the National Guard commander and four beret-capped Special Forces soldiers. The commander would ask the Governor to let the students pass. If Wallace again refused, the G.I.'s would form a tight wedge and try to move on through.

Said Bobby to his brother: "If he still doesn't move, we'll try and get by him." Asked the President: "Push him?" Replied Bobby: "We might push him a little bit."

The strategy worked. Wallace refused

RONALD LEE/STAFF-ATLANTA



BIRMINGHAM'S VULCAN STATUE
Beyond the torch, a crucible of hate.

Katzenbach's first request. Bobby got word of that almost immediately. He picked up the phone and called the President. "You heard? . . . Will you sign the proclamation? . . . Sign it now."

Shortly after that, Katzenbach returned to the campus with the National Guard commander and the Special Forces men. There was no need to push. Wallace, retreating once more, stepped aside.

To much of the nation, it seemed that Wallace had acted out a charade, then abjectly surrendered. But not to most white Alabamians, who admired their Governor more than ever as a doughty little defender of segregation. In that atmosphere came the opening this month of Alabama's public elementary and high schools. Birmingham, Mobile, Tuskegee and Huntsville were scheduled to start their integration. Wallace got state troopers, in cars with tags emblazoned by the Confederate flag, to interfere with integration in all four cities. The Federal Administration rather easily outmaneuvered him: President Kennedy again ordered the Alabama National Guard into federal service, and Wallace was beaten. Again Wallace bucked away from a real showdown. But again he had aroused violent passions—which led to the Sunday school bombing.

Ready to Shoot. In their angry and anguished protest to that bombing, Alabama Negro leaders such as Martin Luther King and the Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth at first demanded that President Kennedy send troops to take over Birmingham. But later last week King, Shuttlesworth and some other Negro leaders went to the White House, talked to the President, and were persuaded to rescind their demand. Instead, they ac-

From left: Son George Jr., 12; Wallace; Daughter Janie Lee, 2; Mrs. Wallace; Daughter Peggy Sue, 13; Daughter Bobbie Jo, 18

cepted the President's offer to send Earl Blaik, onetime West Point football coach, and Kenneth Royall, former Secretary of the Army and a native North Carolinian, to Birmingham to attempt to mediate racial disputes in the strife-torn city.

In fact, the Blaik-Royall mission was little more than a gesture, a way of indicating Administration concern about Birmingham without bringing on a real federal showdown with Alabama. With a presidential election year coming up, the Democratic Administration is understandably anxious to avoid any such showdown with the once-solid Democratic South. For in a purely political sense, the bitter differences between the Northern and Southern branches of the Democratic Party carry as explosive a potential as any ever dreamed of by a Birmingham bomber.

Alabama's George Wallace is happily aware of that fact, and indeed he is planning to run for President himself next year. It is not that he hopes to win, but that he hopes to hurt Kennedy. Last week in his Montgomery office, he rifled through the mail that has piled high on his desk.

"We've got nearly half a million pieces of mail," he told a visiting newsman. "About 95% favorable, although I don't figure you'll print that. Here's one. 'God willin' I won't vote for Martin Luther Kennedy.' Stand up, George, we are still behind you.' 'Thank God for your guts.' 'You have my vote in the Presidential election.' That's from Detroit, Dayton, Ohio. Strongly recommend you to run for President against Nigger Kennedy."

He picked up his dead cigar and lit it. "I think the people have decided they have been misled. They know we are fighting for principle and not against anything else. It's not too late at all to turn the tide. There's no integration anywhere in the world that's working. You can't make it. We'll have setbacks, but the N.A.A.C.P. kept fighting until it got what it wanted in the courts. We can fight just as long as they did, at least, to change it so it's right again. Just one court decision coming along doesn't mean you can't have another that will change things again. They threw out prohibition 'cause it didn't work, didn't they?"

"We just don't like to be run over by this omnipotent Government trying to run our lives. We say the people have the courage and the hope, both races have to work, and the Constitution will finally be preserved. I will continue to keep the faith in this state as I promised, because in the long run we're going to win if it takes two, three, five or 20 years, because we are right and our cause is just."

He is, of course, not right, and his cause is not just. But in Alabama's civil rights crucible, and with George Wallace's help, Vulcan, the god of fire, might continue to reign for quite a while.

CONGRESS Revival of Survival

Nothing had seemed deader than the federal fallout-shelter program, contaminated by skepticism, cynicism and apathy. A House Armed Services subcommittee had refused even to hold hearings on the matter since 1955. When members finally did agree last May to listen to some testimony about a proposed \$190.6 million shelter program, they were bored and antagonistic. "They would rather think of other things," said Assistant Secretary of Defense for Civil Defense Stuart L. Pittman at the time. But eight weeks of hearings and 108 witnesses changed all that. Again and again, Defense Department and civil defense officials emphasized the idea that "reasonable protec-

shelters. It allocates \$175 million to aid state and local governments, schools, hospitals and other nonprofit institutions to build shelters, earmarks another \$15.6 million to construct shelters in federal buildings. Said Hébert about his pro-shelter switch: "I do not know whether it will save a single life, but I am not going to play God and make a determination upon the future life or death of any American."

In other action, Congress:

- Approved, in the Senate Appropriations Committee, a defense appropriations bill totaling \$47,371,000,000. This was \$289 million more than the full House voted last June, but still \$1.6 billion less than the Kennedy Administration had requested, and almost \$1 billion less than last year's defense budget. In upping House-approved totals, the



CIVIL DEFENSE CHIEF PITTMAN & HÉBERT
Whether a single life or 65 million, who's to say?

tion" from fallout could save 25 million to 65 million Americans in a nuclear assault. The shelter program, said Pittman, "is no panacea. It brings no security, only a better chance to survive." And, he added, "All objective and detailed studies of the impact of nuclear war conclude that there will be a significant measure of survival and that recuperation would take place."

In August, Subcommittee Chairman F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana announced with surprise that his group had "completely reversed their opinions held at the beginning of the hearings." Said Hébert: "I cannot recall a similar experience in my 23 years of Congress." The bill got more strong support from Armed Services Chairman Carl Vinson of Georgia and House Speaker John McCormack. Last week it passed the House by a voice vote and was sent to the Senate.

The bill requires that a shelter provide radiation protection for at least 50 people (with 10 sq. ft. per person); thus it does not apply to home

Senate committee added \$60 million for developing a mobile ballistic missile to be fired from a tracked vehicle, \$6.7 million for the National Guard, \$23 million for military communications satellites. The Senate bill included \$125 million for research on the RS-70 bomber and Dyna-Soar projects, and \$322 million for test-model work on the TFX fighter. It may come up for a Senate vote this week.

► Killed, for at least this session, the medicare bill that President Kennedy at one time described as among the two or three top-priority legislative items of 1963. House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas announced that his committee would not report out the legislation. It would have set up a plan for providing medical care to the aged through the social security system.

► Passed, in the House, and moved on to the Senate a five-year, \$25 million program to match state expenditures providing nursing-home care for aged and chronically ill war veterans.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Two Dissenters

One after another, previously uncommitted members of the U.S. Senate fell into line for ratification of the nuclear test ban treaty—Illinois Democrat Paul Douglas, North Carolina Democrats Everett Jordan and Sam Ervin, Nevada Democrat Alan Bible, Iowa Republican Jack Miller, Colorado Republican Peter Dominick, Nebraska Republican Roman Hruska and South Carolina Democrat Olin Johnston.

With all these Senators inching into the ranks, there was no question but that the Senate would ratify the treaty on a vote set for this Tuesday morning.

DOWN THE HATCH

Whatever it is that makes people drink, it makes them drink more in the capital of the U.S. According to a survey put together by the Center of Alcohol Studies at New Jersey's Rutgers University, the average adult resident of Washington gulped, sipped or chug-a-lugged 8.77 gallons of hard liquor last year. No state even came close to that record. The 1962 rankings by state of gallons drunk per adult (defined as 15 years and over):

Nevada	5.75	Oregon	1.73
Alaska	3.54	South Dakota	1.71
New Hampshire	3.53	Michigan	1.68
Connecticut	3.02	Arizona	1.67
New Jersey	2.97	Ohio	1.65
Delaware	2.84	North Dakota	1.64
Florida	2.71	South Carolina	1.55
California	2.65	Georgia	1.54
Massachusetts	2.63	Pennsylvania	1.51
New York	2.57	New Mexico	1.48
Maryland	2.49	North Carolina	1.45
Illinois	2.45	Kentucky	1.40
Vermont	2.22	Idaho	1.36
Colorado	2.17	Kansas	1.33
Louisiana	2.15	Texas	1.29
Minnesota	2.07	Oklahoma	1.28
Virginia	2.02	West Virginia	1.25
Wisconsin	2.01	Utah	1.25
Wyoming	1.92	Indiana	1.20
Maine	1.91	Iowa	1.10
Washington	1.91	Tennessee	1.06
Rhode Island	1.85	Arkansas	1.01
Montana	1.79	Alabama	1.00
Nebraska	1.74	Mississippi	.00
Missouri	1.73	Hawaii (unavailable)	

* The gallons include no beer—only liquor. Last year the average American drank an additional 15.1 gallons of beer. It will probably go up this year: the U.S. Brewers Association reported last week that 10,215,147 barrels of beer were sold in July—the first time in history that Americans have consumed more than 10 million barrels in a single month.

† Mississippi is officially "dry," but has many easily located stores, supplied by out-of-state wholesalers. The state collects a \$4.20 "black market" tax on each case of liquor brought into the state; another 9% sales tax when the liquor is sold. Last year Mississippi took in \$3,302,385 in taxes on more than a million gallons of liquor imported and sold within the state borders. But there is no "official" gallonage consumption figure, because, according to state law, Mississippians do not drink.

But for all that, the two most notable speeches during last week's Senate debate were by members of the handful who plan to vote against the pact.

"With Childlike Faith." Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, was deeply concerned about absence in the treaty of a provision for on-site inspection. U.S. ability to detect cheating is "considerable," he noted; yet the Joint Chiefs of Staff binged their O.K. of the test ban partly on improvement of detection devices. Russell argued that the treaty would handicap U.S. progress toward developing an effective anti-ballistic missile system, since warheads could only be tested underground. "What a paradox," he said. "We will not buy a simple rifle, or even the most primitive weapon in our arsenal, a bayonet, unless it has been subjected to exhaustive tests under every conceivable condition. Here we would accept, with childlike faith in mathematical formulas and extrapolation, the efficiency of the most intricate, complicated and costly weapon without even one test under war conditions."

But perhaps the gravest peril Russell sensed was that this was merely a prologue to future measures that could result "in an almost unilateral disarmament that could be ruinous." Added he, in a slap at the Administration: "It is my own belief that a comprehensive test ban that prohibited underground testing, but without adequate inspection rights, would have been entered into, except for the fear that the U.S. Senate would not consent to ratification."

"This treaty has been called a small step forward in the direction of world peace," said Russell. "I do not believe that reliance upon the signature of Gromyko or Khrushchev on a treaty which disadvantages this country in weaponry development is consistent with either world peace or the maintenance of our liberties."

"We Close the Door." Arizona Republican Barry Goldwater felt much the same way. He would vote no, he said, because of how he reads the past and predicts the future. "I see in our history, that what peace we have had has been possible because of strength. I see no change in the future until or unless the objectives of Communism, not just their weapons, change."

For his part, Goldwater felt the treaty exacted too high a price of the U.S. Said he: "Under this treaty we close the door on sure knowledge of the survivability of our second-strike capability, the very capability which, until now, has been the shield of peace in this world. We halt the search for the widest span of nuclear know-how at a point where the total test yields of the Soviet are a full third greater than our own. I will vote against this treaty because it will erode our military strength. I will vote against this treaty because it preserves the enemy's ad-



DEMOCRAT RUSSELL
Defining a paradox.

vances in high-yield weaponry while freeing them to overtake our lead in low-yield research. We pay a price; they do not."

Not forgetting for a minute his role of presidential possibility, Goldwater said: "I have been told that to vote against this treaty is to commit political suicide . . . I commit it gladly."

REPUBLICANS

In Front—and Getting Farther

There seemed slight likelihood of a smash political success. The speech was scheduled for Monday, a stay-at-home night most everywhere. The scene was to be Dodger Stadium (more popularly known as Chavez Ravine)—yet every properly baseball-batty Angeleno should have been glued to a television set watching the opening game of the showdown series between the Dodgers and the Cardinals in St. Louis. Thus, organizers of the Barry Goldwater rally had been having Technicolor nightmares of rows of pink, aqua and maize stadium seats—all empty.

"Them & Thee." But the way this presumably unprompted occasion turned out was that Goldwater drew some 40,000 fans to Chavez Ravine in the biggest Republican rally that Southern California has seen since Thomas E. Dewey appeared there in the mid-presidential campaign of 1944.

In his own casual, generally unpolished way, Goldwater pleased his partisans by goading, in turn, the Kennedy Clan and Nelson Rockefeller. "America needs a change," he declared. "Rocking-chair leadership isn't enough. The Republican Party is a party of principle, not the captive of a clan or cult of personality. This is not a party controlled by any one man's money. It behaves in an executive branch that is an equal partner, not a ruthless boss; in a judicial branch that is equal and inde-

pendent, that interprets laws but does not make them."

As to Rocky and his argument that radicals should be read out of the Republican Party, Goldwater said: "These practitioners of defeat and advocates of political suicide, these political isolationists, are suffering from a purge complex. They want to purge the party until no one is left but them and thee—and they aren't so sure of thee."

And, turning to the subject of civil rights, Goldwater cried: "It is not the Republican Party that has bred racial discontent in this land. It is not the Republican Party that has dealt mortal blows to the progress that was being made between men of good will who know that the point of a bayonet can kill the point of a principle. It is not the Republican Party that has played politics with prejudice."

"Entirely Himself." The next morning in Washington, Barry dropped in on Chevy Chase Women's Republican Club, delighted the dames with his relaxed off-the-cuff answers to questions. Can a Republican beat Kennedy in 1964? "If he keeps on doing what he is doing, he'll probably beat himself," said Barry. Was Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department stalling on the prosecution of "students" who defied U.S. travel regulations and paid a propaganda visit to Castro's Cuba? "I'm not as close to Bobby as I was. He threatens a lot of people, and about all he does is walk the dog." How would Barry treat an unpatriotic teen-aged girl? "Maybe if she took off her tennis shoes and got her hair cut and took a bath, she'd be all right." When will he announce his presidential intentions? "I can't give you any timetable. I would much prefer to stay in the Senate, where my tongue can wag more than in the redecorated White House. Jackie's got it ready for me—it's got an 18th century décor."

Such informality led Columnist Mary McGroarty to contrast Goldwater with Kennedy. "At a similar stage in his career, John F. Kennedy was heating

his brains out in the provinces, hoping to look older than he was, hoping to sound wiser than anybody else in the field. He spewed statistics like a sociologist, he quoted liberally from the historians and the poets. He never dared to be funny, except in the most sedate and magisterial way. Senator Goldwater doesn't strain at all. He is entirely himself."

Another columnist unburdening himself about Goldwater was Walter Lippmann—who just happened to be making a sedate sort of turnaround. Only a few weeks before (TIME, Sept. 6), Lippmann, the high priest of liberal Democratic pundits, had practically excommunicated Goldwater from the G.O.P., as one whose "philosophy is radically opposed to the central traditions of the Republican Party."

But last week Lippmann seemed to be un-excommunicating Barry. The Arizona Republican, wrote Lippmann, had backed away from such radical stands as repeal of Social Security¹ and the graduated income tax laws. Now, Goldwater "is well along on the road where he will sound less and less like Goldwater and more and more like Eisenhower. If he is to be nominated and is to stand any chance of election, he must make himself acceptable to the preponderant mass of the voters. They are not on the right and they are not on the left, but around the center." Concluded Lippmann in this "suction toward the moderate Center," Goldwater, who is not a fanatic of the extreme but an ambitious politician, is now in the process of reshaping himself for the political realities of this country."

When asked about charges that he

Goldwater's position on Social Security actually has been consistent, he has long advocated repeal of Social Security as it now stands, would substitute a voluntary program for the present compulsory system. That is still his position.

has been reshaping some of his positions, Goldwater (who is, as a matter of fact, not much more and not much less inconsistent than most politicians who get that presidential gleam in their eye) chuckled happily. If nothing else, he said, his present presidential-race prominence had set a lot of people to scouring his past books and speeches in search of inconsistencies. "By looking up what I have been saying, they are beginning to understand my position."

The Man to Beat. Perhaps the greatest compliment that was paid to Republican Goldwater last week was by a bunch of Democrats. Some 300 Western state Democratic leaders met in Salt Lake City to discuss their campaign strategy for 1964. And almost to a man, they talked as though Goldwater were the only Republican they had to worry about.

The tone of the session was set by Idaho's Democratic Senator Frank Church, the 1960 Democratic convention keynoter. Cried Church: "One man, in this day and age, clothed with the power of the presidency, can deliver us into fiery oblivion—foolishly, unnecessarily and finally, by just one error of judgment. Any American President who mistrusts the winds of freedom and tampers cavalierly with the delicate balance of terror upon which the peace presently depends, might well be the last American President."

By way of explanation for this attack, Church said: "You may wonder why I have chosen to discuss the candidacy of Senator Barry Goldwater, a man with whom I differ politically, but who is personally my friend. The reason is simple enough. It is the Goldwater brand of Republicanism against which we Democrats must prepare to wage the coming campaign."

With that sort of left-handed advertising, Barry Goldwater became even more obviously the G.O.P. front runner.



BARRY IN LOS ANGELES



DODGER STADIUM TURNOUT

"Rocking-chair leadership isn't enough."

THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Saboteurs on the March

With the Dec. 1 presidential elections drawing closer, Venezuela's embattled President Rómulo Betancourt faces mounting attacks by the rabidly pro-Castro F.A.L.N. terrorists who are determined to make a mockery of law and order. For a few hours last week, Betancourt seemed to have won a round against the F.A.L.N. But as it turned out, the Castroites had an even bigger week against Betancourt.

Acting on a tip, Caracas police captured four F.A.L.N. hoods hiding out in a midtown apartment. One of them was a real prize: José Rómulo Nino, 27, a leader in the spectacular hijacking of the government freighter *Anzútegini*, the brains behind a \$250,000 stick-up last August, and trigger man this month in a police station raid that left one policeman dead. But no sooner was the good news announced than the government discovered that nine other F.A.L.N. leaders had somehow escaped from a maximum-security prison in western Venezuela. At large again was Fabrizio Ojeda, 34, a former national Deputy sentenced to 18 years as a Communist guerrilla. Of the remaining eight,

one was a convicted guerrilla. The other seven were top men in the bloody Puerto Cabello and Carúpano military revolts last year. While this was going on, the F.A.L.N., whose members may number less than 400, burned a Du Pont warehouse and a clothing store, blasted its sixth Creole Petroleum Corp. pipeline in nine months, and murdered still another Caracas policeman—their forty-ninth of the year.

CUBA

Safety in the Stars

In the 41 years since Fidel Castro took power, some 300,000 people, or 4% of Cuba's entire population, have fled the country. And still they flee. Last week, in the biggest mass escape yet, 91 more Cubans—taxi drivers, doctors, government employees, housewives and children—were resting safely in Mexico after a harrowing four-day journey across the Caribbean.

The refugees started laying their plans last May. For a boat, they decided to expropriate an 85-ft. government lighthouse tender, the H-11, and quickly enlisted the aid of the captain. On the appointed night, while he sailed to the rendezvous, the escapees gathered in the southern swamps four miles inland near the Bay of Pigs, loaded food, water and clothing aboard two flatboats, then pushed off for the sea. Women and children rode on the boats; the men waded ahead, hacking a path through the mangrove and bamboo thickets. It took five hours to get through the swamp. Both boats capsized; all supplies were lost. But everyone made it to the spot where the H-11 was waiting.

Then began a game of hide-and-seek with the Cuban navy. The refugees repainted the ship's grey deck a nonmilitary white, lettered a new name just below the mast. Up the mast they hoisted a homemade U.S. flag, stitched from fragments of blouses, skirts and under-

things. It had 60 stars. "The more stars," said a woman, "the safer we thought we'd be." A Cuban patrol boat trailed the H-11, but bore off, apparently discouraged by the flag. The ship's water supply grew short; there were 100 tins of Russian meat aboard, but it had spoiled. Almost everyone was seasick. One woman had a heart attack; a pregnant woman started hemorrhaging.

At last, after four days and nights, the H-11 pulled into the tiny harbor at Cozumel Island, a fishing community eleven miles off the Yucatan peninsula. The Mexicans immediately granted asylum, and within an hour a committee of Cozumel townfolk was rounding up clothing, food and money. Last week the refugees were negotiating U.S. visas for entry to Miami. Their leader, Rafael Rodríguez Alfonso, 48, longtime member of the Cuban underground, is already talking about another move. "We don't want to sit here and eat ham and eggs," he said. "We want to fight."

ARGENTINA

Who's Underdeveloped?

It was a simple little welcome-home party for Argentina's President-elect Arturo Umberto Illia, 63. So 18,000 of the folks in Cruz del Eje (pop. 22,000) dropped over to the athletic stadium to tie on the feedbag. Four hours later, when Illia and friends pushed back from the 600 long tables, they had done quite a bit of conspicuous consuming: 25,000 meat pie appetizers, 40 whole roasted calves, 40 chickens, 150 lambs, 8,800 loaves of bread and numberless pounds of fresh fruit, 22,000 bottles of soda pop, 600 bottles of beer and 11,000 bottles of red wine. The marvel was that only ten people fell ill with what the medics called "gastric prostration." "The very quantity," mused Buenos Aires' daily Clarín, "leads one to forget for a moment the notion that Argentina is an underdeveloped nation."

MEXICO

Company Town

For years, the property owners in Tijuana have watched land values boom in their bawdy Lower California border town, but no one could be sure for whom they boomed. A vast lawsuit dragging through Mexican courts cast nagging doubts about ownership of the land. Last week Tijuana residents had to face up to the hard fact that a big land company held legal title to almost the entire city (see map)—and technically could dispossess some 22,000 Tijuana residents.

The roots of Tijuana's travail reach back more than a century. In 1862 the 26,000 acres that make up most of present-day Tijuana were deeded to one Santiago Argüello, a politician and



ESCAPE BOAT



RODRÍGUEZ & REFUGEES
And still they come.

TIJUANA

MEXICO



soldier of fortune, by President Benito Juárez. The family did nothing with the land, and over the years squatters moved in, gradually building a town. In 1929 the Mexican government declared the land a patrimony of the nation, and began doeling out titles to the plots occupied by the residents. Immediately Argüello's heirs went to court and began a complicated legal fight that dragged on for more than three decades. Last year, to everyone's astonishment, the Mexican Supreme Court finally ruled for the heirs; now a Tijuana judge has ordered the decision carried out.

The town's new owner is California Realty Co., a Tijuana-based corporation formed in 1957 by a group of Mexican real estate investors. In 1959 the company bought all Tijuana property rights from the Argüello heirs, thus entitled to Tijuana's sprawling residential and farming suburbs, as well as the whole downtown section with its six major brothels, 96 strip joints, 29 liquor stores, 82 curio and aphrodisiac shops, bull ring, Agua Caliente race track, *jai alai frontón*, even the public parks, streets and municipal palace.

California Realty quickly assured Tijuannans that it has a soft—and realistic—heart. The company says that it will sell only 6,000 acres of unoccupied land (estimated value: \$48.5 million) in and around Tijuana; and impose settlements on certain "major" enterprises such as Agua Caliente and the bull ring. All

government agencies, home owners, farmers and small businessmen will get clear title at no cost. But the townsfolk are hard to convince. One day recently, 10,000 demonstrators gathered in front of the company offices and hurled Molotov cocktails through the windows.

THE AMERICAS

Apostle of the Alphabet

By the millions, primitive Indians eke out brief existences in the backlands of Latin America, cut off from the 20th century—or the 15th century, for that matter—by forbidding mountains, matted jungle and a towering cultural barrier. Their national languages, whether Spanish or Portuguese, are unknown tongues. Most of the Indians cannot even read or write their own dialects, and many tribes have no formal written language at all. Now, thanks to a private, U.S.-based outfit called the Summer Institute of Linguistics, the Indians are learning at least two of the three Rs.

The institute began training its first teams of teachers in 1934. Today there are 460 linguists at work inventing written forms for 175 of the 590 tribal tongues they have found in eight Latin American nations.

When Paper Talks. Compiling an Indian language requires the teacher to be taught by his pupils. If he is lucky, a field worker will find at least one member of the tribe with a smattering of Spanish or Portuguese. The institute man then points to a hut, tree, rabbit, or other familiar object and asks the Indian the word for it. As he learns the Indian dialect, the linguist records the sounds on tape. Then, using basic phonetic symbols, he constructs an alphabet for the language. The process can be exasperating. One tribe of suspicious Bolivian Indians refused to cooperate, convinced that the whole thing was a plot to steal their language. When linguists tackled the Cocama tribe in Peru, they found that the men spoke one language, the women another.

Once words are learned and written down, linguists can prepare a bilingual

dictionary and primers and teach the Indians how to read. Then the real rewards begin. The teachers cite cases of illiterate Indian boys and girls, taught by the institute, who are now successful surgeons, scholars and teachers. "When they first learn how paper talks," says an institute linguist, "it is a thrilling experience for the Indians and for us."

"Don Guillermo." The man behind it all, the institute's founder-director, is William Cameron Townsend, 67, who has lived with languages and Indians nearly all his life. A persuasive man of infinite patience, Townsend learned his first Indian dialect in 1917 while selling Bibles in Guatemala. In 1935, at the invitation of the Mexican government, he launched the institute's first research and teaching mission. As more governments sought help, Townsend pioneered his own techniques of training and teaching, and dispatched teams to country after country.

With headquarters in Santa Ana, Calif., the institute has an annual budget of \$3,000,000 provided by contributors in the U.S. and Latin America. Institute presses in Mexico work overtime printing dictionaries, Bibles and textbooks in 80 Indian languages; some steps in translation are now handled by electronic computers at the National University of Mexico. In Peru, where Townsend has been working since 1945, institute teams stationed near the headwaters of the Amazon keep in touch by radio and a fleet of planes. Yet it is only the beginning. "This is the most virgin field of science I know," Townsend says. "Of over 3,000 languages in the world, we know nothing about 2,000."

One day recently, Indians in the jungles of eastern Peru drummed a message on hollowed tree trunks: "Don Guillermo is leaving." Townsend was leaving Peru for Colombia, but 200 trained linguists and other personnel will carry on. His work had earned him Peru's Order of Merit, a warm farewell *abrazo* from President Fernando Belaúnde Terry, and the affectionate title "Apostle of the Alphabet" from grateful Indians.



TOWNSEND



INSTITUTE LINGUIST & PERUVIAN INDIAN PUPIL

The teacher must first learn from the pupil.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

A Psychological Case?

On London's cocktail-party circuit, the 200-page manuscript that was handed to Harold Macmillan last week had been billed in advance as a sort of *Tropic of Mayfair*. Compiled by Lord Denning, Britain's second highest judicial official, the manuscript was the result of an exhaustive, three-month investigation into the security aspects of the great Profumo-Keeler-Ivanov scandal. But the churchgoing, teetotal jurist had also been directed by the Prime Minister to look into "rumors which affect the honor and integrity of public life," meaning gleeful, persistent gossip

his findings. Macmillan spent a late night digesting the top-secret report, called a special Cabinet meeting to discuss it, and showed it to Opposition Leader Harold Wilson. Then Denning's opus went to the printer for official publication this week.

No Special Session. It will land with a dull thud on the party circuit. Word soon leaked that the report contains no suggestion that any ministers save Jack Profumo had been flagrantly indiscreet, or that the former Secretary for War had been guilty of any breach of security. However, the report was expected to criticize Macmillan's government for its failure to act in the Profumo case for more than a year after security



LORD DENNING & WIFE
The judge was a footnoter.

that several other ministers in Macmillan's government had indulged in profumian revels.

Headless Man. A reform-minded judge who once declared that "it is impossible to draw the line between crime and sin," Lord Denning, 64, set about his assignment by interviewing 160 Britons, ranging from Harold Macmillan (twice) to Call Girl Mandy Rice-Davies, who gushed: "He's the nicest judge I ever met." He checked into the Argyll divorce case, in which an unidentified lover of the duchess—known as "the headless man" because his face had been cropped from nude snapshots that were introduced at the trial—had been rumored to be a Cabinet minister.

Denning even questioned witnesses about the warm-blooded aristocrat who, said Mandy and others, served Mayfair dinner guests in a black mask and little else. Finally, after a secretary had typed Denning's 60,000 handwritten words on

agents were aware that the War Secretary was sharing Christine Keeler's favors with Soviet Naval Attaché Evgeny Ivanov. This aspect of the case, which has drawn the Labor Party's fire from the beginning, prompted Harold Wilson to demand that the House of Commons be recalled from vacation for a special session next month to review the Denning report. Prime Minister Macmillan denied the request.

The House debate will probably be held soon after Parliament reconvenes Oct. 29, and already there was talk that if it does not prove too damaging to the government, Macmillan may decorously make way for the younger leader for whom many Tories are clamoring. Lingering Tory hopes of a quickie election this fall were dented last week by the latest Gallup poll, which indicated that the nation's vigorous economic recovery had done nothing to restore voters' confidence in the government. If elections

were held tomorrow, said Gallup, a record 42% would vote Labor, only 29% Conservative, a 5% gain for Labor since August 1962.

"The English Sickness." The truth is that neither major political party has succeeded in firing the nation's imagination. Even the most challenging issue in Britain's postwar history, its membership in a unified Europe, is slowly foundering in apathy or outright Europhobia. In the nine months since Charles de Gaulle put out the unwelcome mat, more and more Britons have come around to the condescending view that enforced intimacy with Continentals might fatally corrupt their demi-Eden.

One of the most surprising pleas for Little England came last week from the Bow Group, the generally liberal Young Turks of the Tory Party, which issued a minority report vehemently opposing its leaders' determination to join the Common Market. Its basic theme is that "the continuing and ever-surprising failure of the French, Germans and Italians to adopt the methods of government in which the British can operate with any satisfaction" reveals an irreconcilable difference "of temperament and outlook which they have no intention of remedying."

Those who still believe that Britain will have to join Europe argue that Britain's stabilizing influence would in itself go far toward bridging such differences. But there are deeper and less rational reasons for British insularity. In a new book called *Great Britain or Little England?*, Author John Mander, assistant editor of *Encounter*, blames the tragedy of Dunkirk, "which strengthened our insularity where it ought to have destroyed it once and for all." Dunkirk, he reasons, "meant the physical expulsion of Britain from Europe" and at the same time "sharpened her sense of distinction" from the conquered nations across the Channel.

Psychologically, British mistrust of foreigners is a reflection of what Europeans call the "English sickness" of national snobbery, which sees Britain, in the *Economist's* words, "forever in a special and protected proconsular role across the world, with power or without. This still eats into the assumptions and the policies, not just of Tory traditionalists, but of Labor and Liberal ones as well."

For all its resources of political experience and industrial skill, Britain, nearly two decades since war's end, has yet to adjust to the realities of its new place in the world, or even to accept them. Thus, warned the usually pro-government *London Times* last week, "the mood in which the general election is fought could be even more important than who wins it. To the outside world, Britain now seems something of a psychological case."

WEST GERMANY

The Time of the Sphinx

*Goodbye, old chief; goodbye,
Everything in life passes on.
The best time of your life
Will now be in your memories.*

With only a month to go before Konrad Adenauer steps down as Chancellor, *Goodbye, Old Chief*, sung to twanging guitars and the lowing of lonesome steer, has become one of West Germany's top jukebox hits. As for the Old Chief, he seemed unusually mellow, even resigned to retirement after 14 years in office. Last week Adenauer, 87, journeyed to Rome in a nostalgic mood to say his goodbyes to President Segni and Pope Paul VI, who presented him with the Vatican's highest decoration, the jeweled chain of the Supreme Order of Christ, which had not been given to a German statesman since Bismarck. Then *der Alte* headed for Paris and an emotion-fraught farewell visit with Charles de Gaulle, his enthusiastic collaborator in this year's Franco-German treaty of friendship.

Fewer Stogies. In West Germany, where the round of ceremonies honoring Adenauer promises to reach Wagnerian proportions, his successor-designate, Vice Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, stayed discreetly out of the limelight. Nonetheless, since his return in late August from his vacation cottage beside Bavaria's Tegernsee, *der Dicke* (the Fat One) has been training for office by dieting, cutting down on cigars (he still chews on 20 a day, but lights up less often), going early to bed, and seeing a steady stream of politicians of all parties at his Ministry of Economics office. More eager to hear their views than to make controversial pronouncements of his own, Ludwig Erhard seldom ventured more than a grunted "Ah, yes, Herr Minister, so I hear. Please tell me more."

Erhard is anxious to make as few Cabinet changes as possible when he takes office on Oct. 16. He plans to install Erich Mende, leader of the coalition Free Democratic Party, as Vice Chancellor and Science Minister.

The changeover from Adenauer, a staunch Roman Catholic, to Erhard, a Protestant, will upset West Germany's *Konfessionsarithmetic*, the juggling of top jobs between faiths. Since Protestants will probably hold most major Cabinet posts, Erhard is under pressure to appoint Catholics to several powerful positions. For Minister of Economics, the job in which he himself won national acclaim as *Wirtschaftswunder-Onkel* (Uncle Boom), Erhard wants his longtime No. 2 man, able Ludger Westrick, despite demands from the party that the coveted post should go to a politician rather than a civil servant.

Policies of Motion. Erhard, whose past humiliations at the hands of Adenauer earned him the scornful nickname Rubber Lion, was being so distant with the press, and was handling impudent visitors with such quiet reserve that



ERHARD & MENDE
Confessional arithmetic.

he was being called a new name: the Sphinx of Tegernsee. He was even able to grit his teeth and remain silent when Konrad Adenauer outlined for top officials a view of Europe's future that was almost identical with Charles de Gaulle's vision of a French-led association of states.

However, Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder declared flatly that the new government would not risk straining its ties with the U.S., and later flew to Washington to reaffirm Germany's cautious support for "policies of motion" to ease East-West tensions, to which De Gaulle and Adenauer are both opposed. In thus flouting the once-formidable authority of *der Alte*—with Erhard's support—Gerhard Schröder was echoing yet another current song hit in West Germany:

*Let the Fat One try it, too.
Let him show what he can do.*



ADENAUER & DE GAULLE
Wagnerian farewells.

UNITED NATIONS

The 18th Session

A fair wind snapped the flags of 111 countries into a quiver of color as the United Nations General Assembly began its 18th session last week. To most of the delegates, it was more than a warm, late-summer breeze off Manhattan's East River. It was a wind of hope—however mild. Even the Soviet Union's dour Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko remarked it. Last year his opening speech took the form of a tirade against U.S. policy toward Cuba, but now Gromyko was all coexistence and *détente*—"the good wind whose breath is today felt by the nations."

When it came to proposals, all the Soviet delegate had to offer this time was the old idea of a summit conference on disarmament. This was moderate enough to bring applause from U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. Gromyko reciprocated with deadpan applause for John Kennedy's address the next day. But to most of the delegates it seemed an auspicious beginning.

A Son of Bolívar. First order of business was the election of Venezuela's Ambassador Carlos Sosa Rodriguez, 51, to the presidency of the Assembly. Approved by a vote of 99 nations (eleven abstained and Nepal arrived too late to cast a ballot), the trim, businesslike lawyer-accountant accepted the gavel from Pakistan's bearded Zafrulla Khan. Then, in Spanish (he is also fluent in French and English), Sosa Rodriguez introduced himself as "a son of the native land of Simón Bolívar."

Sosa Rodriguez is just that. A great-great-granduncle on his father's side signed Venezuela's preliminary declaration of independence in 1810. Sosa Rodriguez was ambassador in London when Marcos Pérez Jiménez made himself President in 1952. He went into self-exile, returned when Dictator Pérez Jiménez was overthrown, and since 1958 has been Venezuela's permanent representative to the U.N.

Much of the 82-item agenda consists of housekeeping chores, budget reports, filling administrative vacancies, etc., but many perennially sticky matters lie ahead. African nations will continue to press for punitive action against Portugal (for its policies in Angola and Mozambique) and South Africa (for *apartheid*). In fact, before the week was out, more than half of the Assembly—the Afro-Asian bloc plus the Communist nations—walked out when South Africa argued against putting *apartheid* on the agenda.

Permanent Peace Keepers? More trouble could arise from the investigation, demanded by some 20 members led by Buddhist Ceylon, into South Viet Nam's treatment of Buddhists; and Indonesia promises a hot fight against Malaysia's taking over the seat formerly occupied by Malaya. The military operation in the Congo will again trigger a bitter controversy.

But for all the noise ahead, Canada's



KENNEDY ADDRESSING GENERAL ASSEMBLY
Together to the moon?

Prime Minister Lester Pearson felt the 18th to be "the Assembly of opportunity." Pearson backed Secretary-General U Thant's request for a permanent peace-keeping force composed of specially trained units from contributing nations. "The Scandinavian member states have shown the way," said Pearson, adding that a similar Canadian force was now available.

Pearson also called for the enlargement of the Security Council. Though he offered no solution to the impasse caused by the Security Council veto power, he felt that a "properly balanced composition" could only be an improvement. Canada's Pearson was striking at inequalities and inefficiencies in a body that was designed to fulfill a "high executive function." The United Nations' 32 African nations (excluding South Africa) now comprise 29% of the organization's membership, yet have no permanent member on the Security Council.

Surprised by Jack

President Kennedy did not really want to address the opening of the U.N. General Assembly's 18th session. The reason for his reluctance: he had nothing that he particularly wanted to say to the U.N., certainly no dramatic proposals to set before it. But advisers, from U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson on down, kept coaxing him with the argument: "Even if you have nothing to say, your appearance would count heavily." At last the President relented.

Basement Brooder. His aides began scrapping for "new ideas" to work into his speech. Stevenson brought down a sheaf of suggestions. The State Department produced a blizzard of memos. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. phoned Pandit

Walter Lippmann to ask what the President might discuss. McGeorge Bundy brooded in the White House basement, jotting occasional thoughts on yellow legal paper. The final drafting was left mainly to Speechwriter Ted Sorenson, who was still scribbling away as he flew with Kennedy to Manhattan on the eve of the speech.

The next morning, Kennedy strode past pickets protesting the Birmingham church bombing tone read, "Mr. J.F.K., if Caroline and John Jr. had been among the six children murdered, would you still be talking?"), and into the vaulted, blue and gold Assembly chamber to deliver what had finally emerged as a sort of U.S. "State of the World" report.

"My presence here is not a sign of crisis but of confidence," said the President. "I have come to salute the U.N., and to show the support of the American people for your daily deliberations." Referring to the nuclear test ban treaty, he declared: "Today we may have reached a pause in the cold war—but that is not a lasting peace. A test ban treaty is a milestone—but it is not the millennium . . . If we can stretch this pause into a period of cooperation, then surely this first, small step can be the start of a long and fruitful journey."

Trembling of the Thought. While noting that U.S.-Soviet conflicts "are real," and that "our concepts of the world are different," the President listed six possible areas of "peaceful cooperation." Five were old hat—prevention of war by mistake, safeguards against surprise attack, further steps to curb the nuclear arms race, a freer flow of information and the prohibition of nuclear weapons in outer space.

But the sixth took just about everybody by surprise. Kennedy proposed that U.S. and Russian astronauts go to the moon together. "Why," asked the President, "should man's first flight to the moon be a matter of national competition? Surely we should explore whether the scientists and astronauts of our two countries—indeed of all the world—cannot work together in the conquest of space, sending some day in this decade to the moon not the representatives of a single nation, but of all our countries."

Kennedy's proposal for a joint moon expedition was known in advance only to a handful of intimates in the White House, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and the State Department. Only a few days earlier, discussing joint manned flights, Manned Spacecraft Center Director Dr. Robert Gilruth told the American Rocket Club: "I tremble at the thought of the integration problem. The proposal would be very interesting and significant—but hard to do in a practical sort of way."

Since nobody expects the Russians to cooperate, the proposal merely confused the real question, which is: Should the U.S. really go to the moon, and if so, how fast and on what kind of budget?

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Matter of Re-education

"At first," pouted Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, "the American press tried to lynch me. Now they want to hear everything the corpse says." The corpse said plenty. Though she was officially visiting Belgium as head of her country's delegation to an Inter-Parliamentary Union conference, South Viet Nam's *éminence grise* announced cheerfully that the real aim of her travels was to "disperse all misunderstandings" about her country and the regime headed by her brother-in-law, Ngo Dinh Diem. Sound like St. Joan in a slit skirt, Viet Nam's fiery First Lady announced that she and her doe-eyed, 17-year-old daughter, Le Thuy, would carry the crusade to the U.S., where she said she would "re-educate Americans from coast to coast. Sample Nhuances:

The New Frontier: "It is indeed difficult to know on what foot to dance with them. I have nothing to say about President Kennedy, but I think Mrs. Kennedy is glamorous and should be admired."

Communism: "We are for coexistence. The Khrushchev-type of coexistence is only a form of subversion. Mao is not more holy than Khrushchev, but Khrushchev is cleverer and therefore more dangerous."

Viet Nam's War: It will be won "much, much sooner if Washington is able to control all its excited, immature and adventurous young officers who always believe they are magicians, but who are only apprentices."

Herself: "I am naturally very quiet, and I loathe noise and crowds. It is



MME. NHU & DAUGHTER
Not with apprentices.

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cision. And so sensitive are these tiny parts that they must be handled in a carefully controlled environment, sometimes a near-perfect vacuum.

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WESTERN ELECTRIC



MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



DIJAKARTA MOB BURNING BRITISH AMBASSADOR'S LIMOUSINE
Out front, a Briton played the bagpipes.

why I cannot enjoy politics. I never talk with any ministers of the government. For four months I have not met my brother-in-law. When I left, I did not say goodbye."

A Look at the Woodwork

Washington remained divided and confused by the situation in Saigon. In the face of conflicting reports from war-torn South Viet Nam—and for lack of any alternative—the Administration was inclined last week toward continued cooperation with the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem. "I am confident the answers will be found by the Vietnamese government and our aid will continue to be effective," said Secretary of State Dean Rusk, adding that he saw "no evil people in the woodwork."

In the U.S. Senate, Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield declared bluntly that Washington should quit trying to direct the Diem regime and concentrate on the "ugly inadequacy" of U.S. agencies in South Viet Nam. Unless U.S. officials on the spot cooperate fully with Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, declared Mansfield, "we are face to face with a disaster in Viet Nam."

The one sure thing about the war in Viet Nam is that it is getting hotter. The Communist Viet Cong last week initiated 518 "incidents," up from 351 the previous week.

As to whether the Diem regime can command the popular support it needs to beat the Communists, the U.S. could only wait and see. At week's end President Kennedy ordered an urgent, on-the-spot review of the war in Viet Nam. It will be conducted by his two top military advisers, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and General Maxwell D. Taylor, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, both of whom visited Viet Nam only last year. Though officially they are only to report on "the military situation," McNamara and Taylor will be sure to take a look at the woodwork.

MALAYSIA

This Mob for Hire

A mob is an ugly mob anywhere in the world; some fanciers claim that a Middle East mob is the worst, although objective observers who have seen well-educated Chinese hoodlums from Singapore colleges getting to work with fire and iron on prostrate policemen are inclined to award them the palm; but all fair-minded witnesses will agree that a Djakarta mob in full cry under a noon sun . . . can hold its own in world company.

—Richard Hughes,

London Sunday Times

In screaming chorus, under a fiercely hot sun last week, a savage, looting Djakarta mob lived up to its world reputation. Boiling through the streets of the city, thousands of rioters went on a three-day rampage to protest the birth of the neighboring Federation of Malaysia, which joins Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and North Borneo in a new British Commonwealth nation. With the tacit approval of Indonesia's rabble-rousing President Sukarno, who bitterly opposes the federation for the challenge it poses to his influence in Southeast Asia, the mob succeeded in presenting the fledgling nation with a full-grown diplomatic and military crisis before it was even one week old.

Shattering the Façade. The riots were triggered by independence ceremonies throughout the crescent-shaped new nation. Screaming "Crush Malaysia," Sukarno's mobsters stormed the Malayan embassy in Djakarta, threw rocks through the windows, pelted the building with rotten eggs, painted anti-Malaysia slogans all over the walls. As government police stood idly by, the enraged mob then turned its fury on the British embassy in nearby Friendship Square. They ripped down sections of the iron fence around the building and shattered its modernistic glass façade under a hail of

stones. The rioters tore the Union Jack from its flagpole and set fire to Ambassador Andrew Gilchrist's Rolls-Royce.

Dodging stones, a British military attaché showed his contempt for the mob by parading in front of the embassy playing his bagpipes. In his glass-strewn office, Ambassador Gilchrist finally received a delegation of the rioters. A blunt, spade-bearded Scot who once dispersed an anti-British mob in Iceland by playing Chopin records from a phonograph set in his office window, Gilchrist explained to the rioters that the United Nations had sanctioned Malaysia, dismissed them with a contemptuous "Hidup [long live] U Thant."

"**Got to Leave Now.**" Two days later, however, the mob returned to finish the job it started. Some 10,000 rioters, many of whom arrived in government trucks, poured into the embassy, smashed everything smashable, then set it afire. A fire engine dispatched to the scene was seized by the rioters and driven away. As smoke curled through the building, Gilchrist sent one last cable to the Foreign Office in London. "Building on fire. Got to leave now. Goodbye. Gilchrist Ambassador."

He was given sanctuary at the home of the U.S. ambassador, and his staff was taken under police protection to a hotel. But still the rampage continued. Rioters wrecked the 119-year-old British Club and plowed up its cricket field and tennis courts, then moved on to sack suburban homes of British residents. Getting into the act, the Indonesian government seized all British business firms in the country "in the interest of their safety," but denied that this heralded a sweeping new nationalization order.

Back in Malaya, Sukarno's mob action stirred up retaliatory rioting. "Sukarno is a Communist bastard," howled a mob of 1,000 youths who invaded the Indonesian embassy, hoisted Malaysia's flag up the flagpole, and ripped down a heavy crest of a Garuda—a mythical

bird that is Indonesia's national emblem. Escorted by motorcycle cops, the mob dragged the Garuda through the streets and onto the lawn at Abdul Rahman's official residence. There, they lifted the Tunku onto their shoulders, then lowered him so that he could put his feet on the battered Garuda. "I admire your patriotism," said Abdul Rahman somewhat nervously. "But you must not take the law into your own hands." Then the Tunku's servants appeared with cold drinks and biscuits for all to enjoy.

Out to Singapore. Diplomatically, the Tunku got tough. He severed relations with Indonesia and with the Philippine government, which sponsored some anti-

over Malaysia, he has created an issue to take the minds of his underfed, unemployed people off Indonesia's slide toward economic ruin and once again raised the specter of a bloody, interminable guerrilla war in the steaming thickets of Borneo. For the new nation of Malaysia, it was an ominous, inauspicious start.

RUSSIA

Trouble by the Ton

At harvest time, the Soviet press is usually full of propaganda hoopla about the bumper grain crops brought in by happy teams of Communist pioneers. Not this year. Facing the prospect of a 10% to 20% drop in grain production, Moscow has clamped a news blackout on the subject. And apart from a routine one-line announcement of a new trade agreement, there was not one word about the huge \$500 million purchase of Canadian wheat and flour that the Kremlin hopes will make up much of the deficit.

Sleight of Hand. But the Russian people had good reason to guess that a shortage lay ahead. Recently bread stores have rationed customers to two loaves per purchase, and Pravda last week launched a massive campaign against grain wastage and theft. The foreman of a mill in the Kaluga region southwest of Moscow was ignominiously photographed with flour he had smuggled out in his pants. In the North Caucasus, peasants raising their own livestock on private plots were denounced for buying or stealing almost 100,000 lbs. of feed grain. Restaurant managers and waiters were threatened with stiff penalties for serving over-average portions of bread—"the holy of holies" as a newspaper called it—which they scoop up when the meal is over and sell to private animal-raisers.

Communist officialdom blamed disastrous droughts and freezes for the poor harvest. But Nikita Khrushchev angrily blamed sloppy management for chronic agricultural crises. U.S. farmers, said Nikita, protect their fertilizer in plastic bags, but in Russia the piles of mineral fertilizer shipped out from factories are allowed to lie around in heaps, exposed to the weather. In winter, snorted Nikita, kids slide down the piles on their sleds. Making another of his utopian promises to catch up with U.S. production, Khrushchev also said that by 1965 Russia hoped to turn out 35 million tons of fertilizer. Though this would equal U.S. output last year, U.S. fertilizer is far richer in essential plant nutrients.

No Objections. The Kremlin's spending spree on wheat, which promised to give an exhilarating boost to the lagging Canadian economy, would have its impact elsewhere as well. Word came from Australia that it would sell Russia another \$100 million worth. Moscow was dickered with West Germany for 250,000 tons of flour. Even U.S. wheat growers, stuck with a huge surplus, hoped to get in on the bonanza; the State Department in Washington apparently had no objections.

Pravda, meanwhile, prepared the Soviet populace for possible shortages next year. The newspaper complained that farmers were "lagging intolerably" in their autumn plowing for the 1964 spring harvest. "They are carrying it out much worse than last year."

EUROPE

Chunneling under the Streak

For more than 160 years, French and British engineers have proposed linking their countries with a tunnel under the English Channel. Though the plan appealed to many people—from seafarers to "one Europe" visionaries—it never came alive. The reason: Britain's reluctance to violate what Gladstone called "that streak of silver sea" that for centuries protected the island nation from invaders.

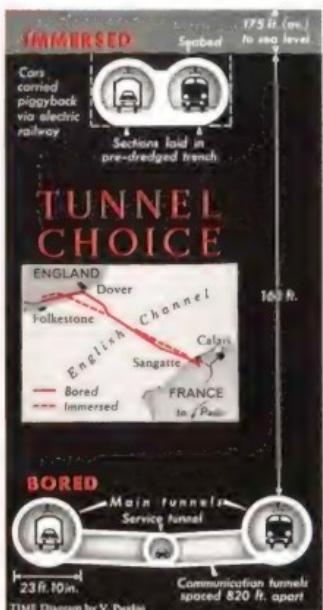
Last week, after two years of discussion, an Anglo-French committee of government transport experts endorsed a plan to connect Dover and Calais by means of a 32-mile, \$407 million railroad tunnel. The committee found either of two approaches feasible: a brace of segmented "immersed tubes" that would run across the channel floor, or a trio of cross-connected tunnels bored through the soft lower chalk layer 160 feet beneath the bottom (see diagram).

In plumping for the "chunnel" (for channel tunnel), the committee rejected a proposed 21-mile cross-channel bridge. It would have cost twice as much, placed 164 dangerous steel-and-concrete pillars across the foggy Pas de Calais bottleneck which carries some 500 ships a day.

Despite reservations about financing, the French government was "very positive" in favor of a tunnel. But as usual, the British were cool. "We are not committed to any particular course of action," said British Transport Minister Ernest Marples. "The report has been published because people in this democratic country must have their say."

In the past, the say has always been resoundingly negative. Though Queen Victoria liked the notion of a tunnel as a potential cure for her seasickness, she found it "very objectionable" in principle. In the 1880s, when an early tunnel project actually bored two miles into the chalk near Dover, the Sunday Times worried that "We should have an amount of fraternizing between the discontented denizens of the great cities . . . which would yield very unsatisfactory results on this side of the Channel."

Even today, many Britons dislike the notion of a pack of foreigners popping out of the ground. Though the military long ago dropped its objections, the citizenry is still concerned about invaders. "The chunnel would be an entrance for an enemy," worried one Londoner. "It's always been that little bit of water that's kept us safe," said another. Despite the committee's report, Gladstone's silver streak seemed as wide as ever.



Malaysia demonstrated its own—in support of tenuous Filipino claims to North Borneo. Then Abdul Rahman alerted the Malayan army reserve against the possibility that Sukarno might try to infiltrate Sarawak and North Borneo with guerrilla troops.

In Djakarta, Ambassador Gilchrist recommended that British dependents be flown to safety in Singapore, and in London, the Foreign Office threatened to break diplomatic ties with Indonesia unless it guaranteed to protect British lives and property. Both Britain and Australia pledged military aid to Malaysia if Indonesia stirred up any trouble—as it had threatened—along the jungle border separating Sarawak and North Borneo from Indonesian Borneo.

Indonesia's moh diplomacy served Sukarno well. In heating up a new crisis



MWATA YAMBO XXV IN PALACE GARDEN

How to forge backward.

CONGO

Back in the Bush

On the balcony of the only stone house in the thatch-roofed Katangese village of Musongo last week, a middle-aged potentate stared dully as a dance troupe of local girls frantically undulated their hips before him to the rhythm of pounding drums. Slouched on a throne consisting of a grey army blanket thrown over a schoolroom chair, his feet resting on a leopard skin, the Lunda tribe's newly installed 25th Mwata Yambo (Great Chief) received the adulation of his people. His ascension is an interesting case history of the tribalism that is still deeply rooted in the Congo; for on a continent where firebrand leaders talk constantly of forging ahead, Mwata Yambo XXV has won success by forging backward.

Snakes & Sinews. It is no small honor to be Mwata Yambo of all the Lunda. With a history dating back at least four centuries, and boasting a population of 1,000,000, the tribe spreads from the Congo's Katanga province into both Portuguese Angola and Northern Rhodesia. The Lunda's most illustrious son is Katanga's secessionist leader Moise Tshombe, who married a daughter of Mwata Yambo XXIV. When his father-in-law died last June of a burst bladder, Tshombe for a time was considered as successor. But the tribal elders, suspecting that Moise might sell them out to the white man, finally settled on a minor chieftain (original name: Gaston Mushidi), who was invested in impressive rites that raised him to the status of a god.

In accord with early tribal belief that a serpent, the Lunda's most sacred creature, had a head at each end and was both male and female, the new Mwata Yambo's final approval came

from the senior chief, Kanampumbe, and the senior chieftainess, known as the Ruwej. Then the chosen one was dragged to a hut and surrounded by villagers spitting filthy insults at him—to point up the fact that he was not yet divine. At last, on a sacred mountain 150 miles from Musongo, the Mwata Yambo was installed. From the gnarled hands of the Ruwej he accepted his symbol: a sacred bracelet of copper and iron overlaid with sinews from the penis of a freshly slaughtered goat.

Groveling Subjects. Mwata Yambo XXV had been a progressive sort who encouraged tribal children to attend school and urged males to work instead of loafing while wives labored. He spoke French, got along well with Europeans. His successor displays no such interest in 20th century manners. He is suspicious of whites, speaks only Lunda and a little Swahili:

He runs a taut ship indeed. In his presence even his wife and senior chiefs must squat on the floor. Those who drink with him must first get down on one knee and touch the floor twice with the palms of their hands, and even his closest courtiers may not speak to him unless they fall to their knees; all who pass in front of him must crouch low and snap their fingers repeatedly as a safeguard against Mwata Yambo's possible displeasure.

Habitually resplendent in a natty wool jacket, skirt and beaded cap, the paramount chief spends most of his time quaffing Simba beer and palm wine, the latter poured for him from a blue enamel teapot.

One would think that such autocratic and slothful leadership might trigger re-

* A pale substitute for an earlier practice, banned years ago by the Belgians, which employed sinews from the penis of a Lunda warrior or ceremonially slaughtered for the occasion.

volt. After all, economic conditions are also pretty pitiful. Because their manioc crops have been repeatedly plundered by Congolese soldiers and Katangese ex-gendarmes, many Lunda have stopped planting, and more than one village suffers near starvation.

Yet, strangely, the new Mwata Yambo is more popular among tribal elders and even some youth than his predecessor. Says one young Lunda just back from the bright lights of Elisabethville: "While I was away I began to think all this tribal ceremony was perhaps a lot of nonsense. But now that I am back home it seems perfectly natural, and I like it."

IRAN

A New Majlis

Iranians turned out in record numbers last week for a parliamentary election that ended 28 months of government by royal decree. The result was a lopsided victory for Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, whose sweeping, courageous reforms have made him the darling of the downtrodden.

Ousted from the Majlis (parliament) were the landlords who systematically gutted the Shah's attempts to modernize Iran's feudal way of life. Swept into office was a group of new men—land reformers, labor representatives and economic experts—almost all of whom had never been elected to anything before. Among the new faces: six women, including the wife of the mayor of Teheran. All were hand-picked by the Shah's National Union, which won 171 of the Majlis' 200 seats, according to nearly complete returns from an estimated 3,000,000 voters.

For a change, the government could boast of an honest election. "Live men voted," proclaimed Premier Assadollah Alami, aware of the departure from the



SHAH GIVING LAND TO PEASANT
How to save the throne.

old days when corpses' votes were stuffed into the ballot boxes by the thousands. No longer did landlords transport villagers to the polls in trucks, with their pre-paid votes in hand. For the first time in a parliamentary election, veiled women in wrap-around *chadors* lined up with the menfolk at polling booths. Although the Shah put anti-reform Moslem mullahs (priests) under house arrest, barred political rallies, and closed up 75 Teheran dailies and weeklies, his most vociferous critics agreed that the crackdown was unnecessary.

The Shah's land reforms have given new luster to the Peacock Throne. Massive U.S. aid (\$1.5 billion since 1948) and record oil revenues of nearly \$400 million this year have restored financial stability to the country. Even if the election campaign had been wide open, the Shah would have won by a landslide. Jubilant over the results, the Shah flew off to the remote region of Luristan in western Iran. There, as natives pounded big sheepskin drums in noisy greeting, he handed out land deeds to 6,000 more peasant families.

MIDDLE EAST

Down with Nasser?

Ever since the ruling Baath Party in Syria and Iraq fell out with Gamal Abdel Nasser, damping hopes of a new Arab federation, the Baathists have loudly maintained that there was still room for cooperation with Egypt's strongman. Last week their thin façade split crashingly apart. On the very day originally set for a plebiscite in the three countries to form a tripartite nation, the Baathist high command denounced Nasser by name and called on Egyptians to rise up against him.

Broadcast over the Baghdad and Damascus radios, the statement claimed that the agreement signed in Cairo last April promised collective leadership but that Nasser, to preserve his "dictatorial existence," had tried to grab control of the new union—even inciting the "criminal" July 18 abortive coup in Syria, which was crushed at a cost of scores of dead. Calling themselves the true leaders of Arab federation, the Baathists declared that Egypt was still welcome to join, urged "popular forces in the Egyptian region" to indulge in an "upsurge and smashing of barriers in order to join with the other revolutionary Arab forces."

Cairo did not reply for 24 hours, then roared back that Baath had ruined "the dearest aspiration of the Arabs, stabbing the union and tearing the charter into pieces." The Egyptians reserved their choicest words for the Baath leaders in Damascus, who, Nasser's Arab Socialist Union said, had "sunk Syria in a sea of blood." Cairo even taunted the Syrians with a ditty. A singer asks, "Where are the free?" and a chorus answers, "They entered Mezza" (a Damascus prison). The singer then asks, "Where are the revolutionaries?" and the chorus comes back, "In Mezza."

ALGERIA

The Nationalization Craze

Twenty gun-toting cops burst into the offices of *La Dépêche d'Algérie*, Algeria's leading French-language newspaper, ordered the 200 employees out within ten minutes. Simultaneously, out in the provinces police swooped on *L'Echo d'Oran* and *La Dépêche de Constantine*. Thus last week, only days after formalizing his one-man, one-party rule (TIME, Sept. 20), Algerian Strongman Ahmed ben Bella seized his country's last three remaining French-owned newspapers. To Ben Bella they were dangerous relics of colonialism and tan-

gentialism. Ben Bella nationalized two of Algiers' hotels, the Aletti and Albert Premier, along with two restaurants, a biscuit bakery and a cinema. The 150-room Aletti was turned over to a "management committee" of four employees; all its funds were blocked, and the government even held deposits left by guests in the hotel safe.

Bolstered by a rubber-stamp election ratifying his unopposed candidacy for a five-year term as President, the Algerian leader also appointed a new, 15-member Cabinet of "qualified militants." Most of the ministers are distinguished by their loyalty to Ben Bella; five represent the army, which is run by shadowy No. 2 man Colonel Houari Boumedienne. At week's end Ben Bella prepared to journey to the U.S., where he plans to address the U.N. and, he hopes, make an aid-seeking side visit to President Kennedy.

SAUDI ARABIA

No Place Like Home

After a four-month, \$4,000,000 sojourn in Vienna for treatment of a duodenal ulcer, Saudi Arabia's King Saud, 61, returned to his desert capital of Riyadh last week. At the airport he received full honors and an embrace from his big brother and heir, Crown Prince Feisal. But it was hardly a triumphal homecoming, for Saud is now no more than a figurehead ruler.

During Saud's absence Feisal, as Premier, pushed ahead with a new-broom campaign to sweep the king's sons (an estimated 32 in all) out of the palace, and to make a start on reforms in the feudalistic monarchy. On paper at least, Feisal has abolished slavery, and he is even stumping oasis villages promising schools, hospitals, housing and freshwater wells. By slipping arms to the royalists fighting in Yemen—something he denies—Feisal has helped the fight against Nasser expansionism.

Princes and tribal chieftains have taken Feisal's side. Thus, there was no great applause when Saud last month sent word that he wished to come home. At a three-hour conference, Feisal and most of his 38 other brothers drew up a document allowing the monarch to return, on condition that he stay out of affairs of state and issue no more decrees. A three-man Feisal delegation flew to Vienna, handed Saud the document; sadly, the King signed.

He could do little else. Only one of Saud's sons, Prince Mansour, is still around the palace, and his powers are largely ceremonial. The King's last personal armed force is being merged into the army. The King, whose cunning is legendary, may use his fortune, estimated at more than \$100 million, to buy out his pro-Feisal kinsmen. The outlook was perhaps best forecast by an Arab journalist: "I see ahead a period of intrigue and suspicion, in which a passing word from a harem woman might take the sleep for nights from the eyes of important princes."



BEN BELLA & BOUMEDIENNE
Time for socialized biscuits.

talizing propaganda tools. Said he: "It is not enough to inform the masses. They must be politicized."

In Paris the De Gaulle government denounced the seizures as violations of French-Algerian accords, under which nationalization of French property is permitted only if Algeria gives notice and arranges to pay fair compensation. But it will apparently not be the last move against France's dwindling stake in Algeria. In a nationwide speech, Ben Bella announced that all additional French-owned property would be nationalized. His regime has already handed over to peasants some hundreds of thousands of acres expropriated from Frenchmen who have left the country, and it is spending \$40 million in French aid to compensate them. But Ben Bella's new statement appeared to renege on earlier official assurances that small French farmers who stayed would not be bothered.

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PEOPLE

A father for the tenth time last year, Charlie Chaplin, 74, was all smiles until he read a promotional pamphlet for a projected rejuvenation clinic in Nice, France. The blurb intimated that he owed his latter-day powers to the injection of live cells from embryo lambs and calves. Bull, said Charlie. He kept youthful by himself, and that embryo elatrap was a demagogic lie. French courts agreed, upheld Charlie's suit to force withdrawal of the pamphlets.

School bells were ringing, and young royalty was off to rub elbows with untitled folk. Britain's Princess Anne, 13, and Jordan's Princess Basma, 12, were at boarding school at Benenden, 42 miles from London. Would they make their own beds? panted reporters. Of course. And would Radcliffe's first royal student, Sweden's Princess Christina, 20? Yes, she nodded wearily to Boston newsmen. Having attended to the questions, the blonde princess set about orienting herself, and so did Harvard students. Turned out that pretty Christina had brought along from Sweden her own toughest competition. Shipping Heiress Antonia Johnson. "There's the princess," noted one Yard bird, "but look at her friend, and she's rich too."

David Rusk, 22, Dean's son, dropped his M.A. studies in Latin American affairs at the University of California to become assistant to the executive director of the Urban League in Washington.

While she peeked at the classroom visitor, the typing student idly pecked CARY CARYYYYYYYYYYYYYY. It was squealsville at Washington's Shaw Junior High School. Stave and swelle giant Cary Grant, 59, quickly toured the building, averaged a swoon a room. The British-born actor was in town to cam-

paign for the privately sponsored Stay-in-School Fund, dropped in on the over-crowded, predominantly Negro classes to get an idea of what causes dropouts. Wasn't he a dropout himself? someone asked. Perish the thought, replied Cary, whose formal education ended at the age of 13. "I was expelled. I went to a perfectly good school, but they couldn't stand me."

After nine years of monthly articles in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the U.S. czar of child care, Dr. Benjamin Spock, 60, will start changing diapers this month for *Redbook*. His reason for leaving the *Journal*, he says, was "a drastic change in policy and staff last spring." *Redbook*'s editors delightedly welcomed their new parent pacifier by



GAMBI ALONE
Expected.

chauffeur and self-styled economist Andrei Porumboiu, 38. Grounds: misconduct, as yet unexplained.



BENNY & MOM
Exemplary.

putting him on the cover, and the doctor recalled his own babe-in-arms days. "Our parents were strict but very close to us," he wrote. So what had Mom, now 86, thought of her son's baby bible, which has sold 16 million paperback copies? "I was greatly relieved," he confessed, "when she said, 'Benny, I think it's quite sensible.'"

Queen Elizabeth II, 37, is expecting her fourth child, probably in early March. In Brussels, a court communiqué told Belgians that Queen Fabiola had suffered a miscarriage (her third), shortly after King Baudouin returned from a prayerful pilgrimage to Lourdes

No one that I was particularly surprised—than that it had lasted this long. After three years of marriage and two sons, Remington Typewriter Heiress **Gamble Benedict**, 22, filed for divorce in Zürich from the man she had insisted on eloping with: fortune-hunting onetime



CARY & KIDS
Expelled.

Austrian Maestro **Herbert von Karajan**, 55, has long been an a.m. bookworm, and now he has caught an early bird. While doing some crack-of-dawn reading in his St. Tropez villa, he heard a noise in his sleeping wife's adjacent bedroom, opened the door and bumped smack into a young burglar. "What are you doing here?" roared the conductor, appassionato. For answer, he got a fortissimo downbeat right in the kisser. The blow broke Von Karajan's reading glasses, drove the broken bits into his left eyelid and brow. But after a hurried flight to Paris, where specialists took 20 stitches to close the wounds, the conductor was assured of no permanent eye damage. And back on the Riviera, the *flics*, using his description, picked up a suspect who, it seemed, had visited the Von Karajans after unsuccessfully trying to break into Brigitte Bardot's home earlier.

Her marital status, adulterous in the eyes of Italian law, still weighs heavily on **Sophia Loren**. When asked what she wished on her gravestone, she replied simply: "Here lies Sophia Ponti." But the Neapolitan beauty is still a long way from R.I.P., and on her 29th birthday, troubles momentarily retreated. Husband Carlo presented her with a lima-bean-sized emerald ring, and Sophia purred: "It's great to be a woman."

THE PRESS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

Lost Men in Havana

Shortly after his arrival in Cuba, the Associated Press's Daniel Harker encountered Fidel Castro at a reception in the French embassy. "Why did they ever send you to Havana?" asked Castro. Harker's answer was blunt and honest. "I guess the A.P. thought I was expendable," he said. Four years after Castro's revolution sealed the island from nosy newsmen, only three Western correspondents—all wire service men—remain on duty in Havana.

Harker himself is a replacement, sent up from Colombia after Harold K. Milks, then the A.P.'s Havana bureau

ing. So many of Castro's minions tap into the line that the connection at the far end often becomes inaudible. Prearranged codes do not help. "You know that hardware I was telling you about?" said Daniel Harker on such a call. "Well, it's shifting." He was cut off in mid-sentence, and his report on troop movements did not get through. Once, after trying vainly to get half a dozen numbers in the U.S., Harker's predecessor bellowed in exasperation: "You mean to say that all the phones in the United States are out of order?" Replied the Havana operator sweetly: "Si, señor."

No Audience. Getting the news is just as difficult as getting it out. The Western correspondents have no special

ERIN SUTHER



WIRE SERVICEMEN OXLEY, DOUDE & HARKER
All the U.S. phones were out of order.

chief, was expelled with such velocity that he had to leave most of his belongings behind. After eight months in Havana, Yves Doude, who represents the French wire service Agence France-Presse, is convinced that things were easier in his previous assignment in Communist Rumania. The other resident Western newsmen in Havana, Alan Oxley of Britain's Reuters, Ltd., has been arrested 19 times since Castro took power.

Si, Señor. Unless Havana's myriad censors slip up, these three men send out nothing that Castro does not approve of. Their dispatches are limited almost entirely to government communiqués and the anti-American salvos fired in perfect unison by Castro's captive Havana press. Although Castro keeps up the fiction that there is no press censorship, the Western newsmen know otherwise. Cables are often held up for days or forever; the Western Union office, staffed by Cubans, will not even acknowledge that a message has been sent, much less received. "Sometimes," says Harker, "not even the request for confirmation gets through."

Telephone calls to the outer world are technically possible but unreward-

privileges. They must stand in line with Habaneros to get their monthly quota of five eggs; most official doors are closed to them, or else they open on government underlings who profess to know nothing.

Airport officials, for example, say they do not know the departure time of planes. No one but Premier Castro will confirm anything—and the Premier does not grant audiences to the correspondents. A.F.-P.'s Doude has set eyes on Castro only three times and has yet to talk to him.

The wire services justify keeping men in Cuba on two main grounds. In the first place, Havana makes a compelling dateline; in the second place, the government may fall some day or some year, and in that contingency it will be nice to have a man on the spot. There is also, of course, that inevitable day when their man in Havana runs afoul of the authorities for the last time and is sent home. Then, perhaps, he may have quite a story to spin.

But by letting the Western newsmen stay, Fidel Castro may be getting the best of the bargain. Incoming wire service copy makes a useful window to the West. There are A.P. tickers

in the Foreign Relations Ministry, the Union of Young Communists, the United Party of the Socialist Revolution and in many other government offices. Prensa Latina, the Castroite wire service that peddles propaganda free to any taker, might go out of business without its A.P. wires; much of what comes in is trimmed to Castro's line and sent right out again.

SYNDICATION

Fringe Benefit from Space

The U.S. astronauts are legitimate space-age heroes, dedicated men who risk their lives on lean military salaries modestly enhanced by the flight pay that is partially earned in orbit: some \$80 for every quick trip around the earth. But there are fringe benefits too: the seven original spacemen got about \$70,000 each for selling personal accounts of their experiences to LIFE. Last week, their ranks swollen by nine new volunteers, the astronauts did just about as well with the second chapter of their story. For a total of \$1,040,000, they sold the publishing rights to LIFE and to Field Enterprises Educational Corp. of Chicago.

Under the terms of the four-year contracts approved by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, each of the 16 astronauts will get \$6,250 a year from LIFE and \$10,000 a year from Field Enterprises. When more astronauts come along (NASA may add 10 to 15 more men to the Apollo and Gemini programs), they will be offered the same. As in the previous contract, a careful distinction is drawn between information about the space program, which NASA rightfully considers public and not for sale, and the astronauts' "personal stories"—first-person experiences relayed by the men themselves and members of their families.

For its money, LIFE gets domestic magazine rights to the astronauts' story. Field Enterprises, which is owned by Chicago Publisher Marshall Field Jr. (Chicago Sun-Times, Chicago Daily News, World Book Encyclopedia), acquired newspaper syndication and book rights as its share of the bargain. Field has formed World Book Encyclopedia Science Service in order to syndicate the astronauts' stories on an international scale.

CARTOONISTS

The Statesman

He was deceptively mild-looking, with a tidy black mustache, a trilby hat and a walking cane. Humility warmed his wide brown eyes. He liked to think of himself as a kind man, and to say that he could forgive the world its sins because they were more stupid than wicked. But though forgiveness came easy, David Low, who died last week at 72, could not bring himself to overlook either stupidity or wickedness. For 60 years he attacked them both with bri-



Deceptive!

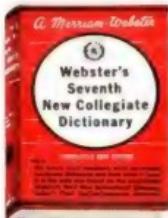
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LOW



"I am a nuisance dedicated to sanity."

liant and unparalleled ferocity. His weapon was the cartoonist's brush.

When New Zealander Low came to London after the first World War, he found the art of newspaper cartooning still mired in Victorian politeness, with no more bite to it than a cup of camomile tea. "It was thought scandalous to hold statesmen up to ridicule," said Low, and he proceeded to do just that for the London Evening Star, scandalizing statesmen, his editor and the United Kingdom. "Ah well," he said to early protesters, "I am a nuisance dedicated to sanity."

See No Abyssinia. He was indeed a nuisance, even to the men who hired his skill. From Lord Beaverbrook, for whom he went to work in 1927. Low exacted the promise that he could draw whatever he chose. That choice was rarely to the proprietor's Tory tastes: Low's brushwork punctured the Conservative Party, the Beaver's dreams of British Empire, and the Beaver himself. Low once depicted his boss as a witch on a broomstick, preaching "politics for child minds." When Beaverbrook urged his staff to go light on Mussolini's rape of Abyssinia, Low impudently drew three monkeys in the Beaver's likeness and attached the caption, "See No Abyssinia. Hear No Abyssinia. Speak No Abyssinia."

As war clouds picked up in the 1930s, Low's views assaulted the conscience of all England. He created the character of Colonel Blimp, a florid befeater with a walrus mustache who symbolized British complacency in the teeth of the 20th century's storms. From a Turkish bath, the colonel sprayed his nonsense at a mute companion who looked suspiciously like Cartoonist Low. "Gad, sir," said the colonel, "Hitler is right. The only way to teach people self-respect is to treat 'em like the curs they are." Japan was right, too, in the Blimpian Olympus:

"Keeping the white man out of the black man's country is the yellow man's burden."

The rudest Low blows fell on the men who were conspiring to turn the world red with blood. Even as Chamberlain's umbrella went to Munich, Low's famous "Rendezvous" showed Hitler and Stalin tipping their hats to each other (*see cut*). Low's cartoons so infuriated *der Führer* that he sent off official protests to London.

Fire from the Belly. In Britain's finest hour, Low spurred the nation on. "All behind you, Winston," read the caption beneath one famous wartime cartoon, showing the Prime Minister at the head of a troop of resolute Britons, rolling up sleeves against the dirty job ahead. This must have pleased Churchill mightily; in other times, he had been one of Low's particular targets. "You can't bridle the wild ass of the desert," said Churchill after one painful portrait, "still less prohibit its natural heehaw."

With victory, Low seemed to run out of targets. "The war stole the fire from his belly," said a friend, but it may have been only increasing age. Colonel Blimp vanished into immortality, and many of Low's best cartoons went into British museums. The old brilliance flashed occasionally, as when Low summed up the nuclear age with an ogre presenting to an innocent baby a new plaything: the atomic bomb. But the light was fitful. Low left Beaverbrook for the Laborite Daily Herald; then he left the Herald for the Manchester Guardian. "One should move along every few years," he said by way of explanation. He wrote several reminiscient books, was honored with knighthood in 1962.

Last April, before entering West London Hospital, the "statesman of cartoonists" produced a vague and cluttered drawing for the *Guardian*. It proved to be David Low's last cartoon,

perfection of means and confusion of goals seem—in my opinion—to characterize our age

albert einstein, out of my later years, 1950



photographer: art kane

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Smoking Toad

Dilettantes were big 400 years ago, but today's dilettantes lack acceptance. Leaderless, mocked and misunderstood, they are pariahs sniffing at the edges of multicellular society.

But, led by Jill St. John, they could overcome. Actress, sex grenade, marine zoologist, model railroader, sailor and pipe smoker, she could be to dilettantism what Jean Harlow was to sex. She has kept elephants as pets. She plays with porpoises. She is, moreover, the sort of symbol around which dilettantes would choose to rally. She is rich and beautiful, with auburn hair and sparkling brown eyes. Her chest is gothic. She has dallied in marriage with Lance Reventlow and dallied on the arm of Frank Sinatra.

Trains & Pipes. She is only 22, says she has an IQ of 162, but knows that intelligence means little in Hollywood. In three new movies—*Come Blow Your Horn*, *Who's Minding the Store?* and *Who's Been Sleeping In My Bed?*—she plays three dumb broads.

She is still married to Reventlow. "I adore him," she says. They live separately, date others, and sometimes join up for happy weekends sailing their catamaran. As Mrs. Reventlow, she is heir-in-law to the F. W. Woolworth millions, and has no shortage of charge accounts to fuel her fabled whims. Getting interested in tropical fish, she once filled her house with vast aquariums. She has dived to a depth of 100 feet in an Aqualung. At Santa Monica's Ocean Park, she jumps in with the porpoises and lets them nibble little fish from her fingers.

"My clothes are like the portrait of Dorian Gray," she says somewhat inexactly. "They never get dirty or old." They have no chance. She has over \$2,000 worth of Jax slacks. Friends have given her all sorts of furs. Her 80 pairs of shoes are arranged in closets according to the color spectrum. "My friends say I have a 'perfect complex,'" she says. "You should see my drawers. My maid goes crazy. It's weird that I'm so organized, yet I can be such a flake I'll forget an appointment."

She has appointments with people who give her instruction in everything from helicopter flying to horsemanship. Or she just goes shopping. She will buy staggeringly expensive furniture only to ship it off to storage. She buys \$50 Dunhill pipes and smokes them while she plays with her electric trains. The trains come in kits from Germany. She assembles them herself and has them running all over a bedroom. "I never had any toys as a child," she says, "and now I can afford them. I'm going to have the darnedest train layout you ever saw. I've ordered a waterfall from England and a ski lift, and hoboes to ride in the boxcars, and cows and cities.

I'm going to have my own crashes right out of Charles Adams."

Early Woman. "I absolutely had no childhood," she explains. "I was a woman at six." What she means is that her mother, the wife of a Los Angeles businessman, wanted Jill to be an actress, and by the time Jill was six, she was a pro. She performed regularly in radio soap operas, modeled children's fashions, went to the Hollywood Professional School, and at 14 entered U.C.L.A. She quit two years later when Universal signed her to a contract.

She was 18 when she married Reventlow. She took over his \$250,000



JILL ST. JOHN
Porpoises sometimes nibble.

canyon-top Beverly Hills pad, added closets (which had never crossed his bachelor's mind), and brought in a muralist to paint savage animals on a bathroom wall. "It's a safari job," she says.

Most significantly, Jill is a Toad. The Toads are a group of Los Angeles girls who talk on the telephone. None of the others are in show business, but they all wear jeweled-frog pins on their blouses. They just talk and talk, like teen-agers. They may be a year or so older, but they really are teen-agers.

MOVIES

Ghosts Fly Backwards

Except through smoky rose-colored Hollywood glasses, poetry is seldom seen in movie scripts, which, as literature, are at their lyrical zenith when they read something like: MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT, SIDE EXIT DOOR, BATHED IN A SINGLE YELLOW LIGHT.

A movie script is being published this autumn, however, which ignores the close-shot, long-shot lingo of the camera's eye, implicitly mistrusts the cam-

era's capacity to discern, and with a natural if unnecessary eloquence offers its own scene-setting visions of South Pacific backgrounds. Small wonder. Called *The Beach of Falesá*, the script was written by Dylan Thomas. In its stage directions, "a stream foams out of the descending galleries and gardens of the tremendous, verdurous, impenetrable high interior of the island," and a "lantern and the moonlight make the bush all turning shadows that weave to meet and then spin off, that hover overhead and fly away, huge, birdlike, into deeper inextricable dark."

Dark & Charmed. Based on a novella by Robert Louis Stevenson, Thomas' movie was commissioned in the late '40s by a subsidiary of the J. Arthur Rank organization. But Rank dissolved the subsidiary before the film could be produced, and the script vanished into the Rank bank. Richard Burton owns it now, in partnership with a New York producer, and sooner or later Burton intends to commit the story to film, with himself starring as an island trader named Wiltshire.

Wiltshire arrives at Falesá, sets up shop, and is befriended by another white trader who generously provides him with a beautiful native "wife." Both traders offer tinned salmon and washing blue to the natives.

But nobody trades with Wiltshire. His "wife," it turns out, is taboo. Case, the other trader, has craftily skewered him—and there follows an adventuresome confrontation of good and evil as Wiltshire struggles for his existence against this betel-nut Belial who once went to Oxford and who now wears sharks' teeth around his neck and spooks the entire island with his weird, wicked acts and weirder metaphysics. "The ghosts of beautiful women," he says, "fly backwards so that you cannot see the worm marks on their faces."

Trade Traders. That nugget never occurred to Robert Louis Stevenson, to whom Thomas was faithful in plot structure alone, replacing Stevenson's old salty sea-dog manner with a moody romanticism, but preserving Stevenson's gun-shooting, skeleton-rattling scary tale of fists, love and danger. His most interesting character is Case, the incarnate devil—"ironically attitudinizing, full of disgust and venom there in the fly-low, fly-blown, bottle-strewn bedded room." The part is intended at present for James Mason, but Burton would do well to trade traders with him.

Dylan Thomas wrote *Falesá* while living in a trailer in Oxford. He got about \$3,300 for it, most of which he wheedled out of the producers in advance, soulfully telling them that he had no money for Christmas presents for his children. When he had story conferences with the cinema people, he would listen cooperatively to their suggestions, then go forget everything in a string of Soho pubs. Said one movie man: "If that boy had had a bit of discipline, he would have been the greatest screenwriter of all time."

RELIGION

THE BIBLE

One for All

Protestant and Roman Catholic Bibles have historically evolved like two separate streams that shift course from time to time but never quite join. The best-known Protestant translations of Scripture in English, the King James and Revised Standard versions, come essentially from the original Hebrew and Greek; such Catholic editions as the Douay and Knox Bibles follow St. Jerome's 4th century Latin Vulgate. For centuries, the churches have stressed the differences. Now the two streams seem destined to join in a common Bible that



ST. JEROME
He called it *Apocalypse*.

would be acceptable to all Christians. Scholars agree that many of the differences in translations are absurdly anachronistic in the Ecumenical Century. For Catholics, the list of Old Testament prophets includes Osce and Sophonias; Protestants call them Hosea and Zephaniah. In Protestant Bibles, one of the books attributed to St. John is called *Revelation*; Catholics call it the *Apocalypse*. Other differences are more substantial: the Protestant Old Testament, for example, has 39 books; the Catholic, 45. Nonetheless, the Rev. J. Coert Ryhaarsdam, an Episcopalian and chairman of Biblical studies at the University of Chicago Divinity School, believes that "nothing now is in the way of English translations that could be had by all." Adds English Jesuit Thomas J. Corbishley: "It ties up with the whole question of Christian unity. It would emphasize that Catholics and Protestants have this in common."

In *Many Languages*, the chief U.S. advocate for the common Bible is Oxford-educated Father Walter Abbott, feature editor of the Jesuit weekly *America*. Abbott hopes to win the approval of U.S. Catholic bishops for a scholarly translation now being pre-

pared for Doubleday's Anchor Books by more than 30 Catholic, Protestant and Jewish scholars under the general editorship of David Noel Freedman, a Presbyterian, of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, and William F. Albright, a Methodist, of Johns Hopkins. Jesuit Corbishley argues that Britain's still incomplete New English Bible could easily be modified for Catholic use; other Catholic scholars favor the Revised Standard Version, which is used in many Catholic seminaries. Last spring Roman Catholic Bishop Peter Bartholomew of St. Cloud, Minn., gave his imprimatur to a booklet of Holy Week devotions in which Scriptural quotations were taken to the R.S.V.

In Germany, teams of Catholic and Protestant scholars are at work on brand-new translations of Scripture; eventually, they hope to gain ecclesiastical permission to fuse their two versions into one joint translation. Scholarly Catholic missionaries are collaborating with Protestant ministers in translating the Bible into Singhalese, Indonesian, Swahili, Zulu and Japanese. In Wales the Catholic Archbishop of Cardiff has agreed to cooperate with the Protestant and Anglican churches in sponsoring a new translation into Welsh. Many French Protestant churches use the excellent "Jerusalem Bible," translated by Dominican Father Roland de Vaux, Pierre Benoit and other Catholic scholars of Jordan's *Ecole Biblique*.

A Common Philology. One unifying factor is that scholars of all faiths, working side by side on such projects as the translation of the Dead Sea

scrolls, accept the same philological principles. And thanks to Pope Pius XII's 1943 encyclical *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, Catholic translators are no longer bound to the 400-year-old ruling of the Council of Trent that vernacular versions intended for use in public worship must follow the language of the Vulgate rather than the original Hebrew or Greek. Many Catholic Scriptural exegetes now use Protestant spellings of Old Testament names rather than ones derived from the Vulgate.

A common Bible would not attempt to do more than establish a text that both Catholics and Protestants could accept; interpretations of the meaning would still differ. Many Catholic questions about existing Protestant translations could be resolved in footnotes,

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KING JAMES & BISHOPS
They called it *Revelation*.

Where the Revised Standard Version has "And she gave birth to her first-born son" in Luke 2:7, Catholics, to safeguard the traditional view that Mary bore just one child, would want a note explaining that "first-born" was a Jewish legal title that could be applied to an only son.

What About Judith? Protestant objections to a common Bible may be harder to resolve. Catholic canon law requires that all Bibles must contain notes explaining difficult passages, although it does not say where or how many. Many Protestants who are strongly wedded to the right of individual interpretation feel that the Word of God should appear unadorned by human commentary. Since the Council of Trent, Catholics have accepted as canonical the books of the Apocrypha,* which are found in the historic Greek translation of the Old Testament known as the Septuagint but not in the Hebrew Bible used by Palestinian Jews. Most of the Reformation leaders did not ascribe the same authority to these "deut-

King James: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

Douay: "In the beginning God created heaven, and earth.

"And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved over the waters.

"And God said: Be light made, And light was made."

Anchors: "When God set about to create heaven and earth—the world being then a formless waste, with darkness over the seas and only an awesome wind sweeping over the water—God said, 'Let there be light.' And there was light."

* *Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, First and Second Maccabees, parts of Esther and Daniel.*



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terocanonical" writings as to the Old Testament, and they have been printed in Protestant Bibles, if at all, as a separate section between the Old and New Testaments. Today, however, there is a growing interest among Protestant scholars in these books.

Two years ago, the U.S. Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops and House of Deputies came out in favor of devising a Bible that would be acceptable to all Christians. A number of Catholic prelates—including Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing and Utrecht's Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink—have gone on record as hoping that the Vatican Council will follow suit. Such a Bible could not be imposed on individual churches.



POPE ON THRONE KISSING DEAF-MUTE ITALIAN CHILD
Somewhere between folksiness and an encounter with a saint.

and many would probably prefer to stay with whatever versions they now use. The common Bible would still fill plenty of needs. Says the Rev. Eugene Maly, president of the Catholic Biblical Association of America: "A common Bible would serve as the text to be used in those public, nonliturgical gatherings where both Catholic and Protestant would be represented. It could serve well as a text for ecumenical dialogues. And not least of all would be its value as a symbol to the world of that agreement that sincere Christians can reach when the effort is made."

THE PAPACY

Wednesday in St. Peter's

Men everywhere—whether they are Roman Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, agnostics, or even Communists—make a common claim on the Catholic Pope: they feel that they have a right to an audience with him. And Popes have always responded, each in his own way. The languid Leo X of the Renaissance grandly received his subjects on horseback while at the hunt, and Pius IX had his own railway car to make whistle-

stop visits through the papal states. The general audiences of the ascetic Pius XII were like an encounter with a saint: John XXIII's were folksy—until sickness and duty made him give them up. The mood of Pope Paul's audiences is somewhere in between, and they draw unprecedented throngs to St. Peter's every Wednesday morning, sometimes Saturday as well.

Dark Suit & Mantillas. By 8:30 a.m. last Wednesday, tour buses from all over Europe had begun to jockey for parking spaces next to the majestic curve of the Bernini colonnade that guards St. Peter's Basilica. Cars and taxis began to clog the narrow streets near the Vatican. Out of them stepped bishops, priests, brothers, nuns, seminarians. About half the pilgrims were Italian, many of them attired as for a picnic. But there were plenty of men dressed



RECEIVING SOCCER BALL

in their darkest business suits, and women in discreet blacks, lacy mantillas tossed over elaborate coiffures.

Inside St. Peter's, the nave is still filled with the long rows of seats set up for the Vatican Council (which resumes next week); the papal audience takes place in the transept behind the high altar. Shortly before 10, about 8,000 people clutching audience tickets—pink or blue for most of them, the highly prized white for those with altar-side seats—had squeezed subways tight around Bernini's ornate baldachino, which covers the high altar underneath the basilica dome. "This is worse than the bargain basement at Klein's," complained a much-jostled librarian from Schenectady. "This will be the fourth Pope I've seen," boasted a man from Rochester, inching toward a favored spot in the front row.

Like a Pope Should. As St. Peter's bells clanged out the hour, a cheer started at the door of Santa Marta, gradually filling the church. Surrounded by halberd-bearing Swiss Guards, borne high above the crowd on a portable chair, Pope Paul VI bobbed toward the high altar. He looked small and frail

beneath his white robes and heavy red stole; his soft, graceful gestures reminded many of Pius XII. "I was very fond of John, but Paul looks more like a Pope should," an Italian student said.

Outwardly, Paul seems cold and stern; but audiences detect the humanity inside, and his fluency with languages makes the pilgrims feel at home. He addressed the crowd in Italian, English, French, German and Spanish. Hushed on other days, St. Peter's is no church of silence when an audience is in session. As the Pope read off the list of the day's visiting organizations, the great basilica rang with sound—handclapping and whistles, shrill, peeping vivas from nuns and grade-school delegations, deep-toned cheers from seminarians.

There were Italian youth groups from Foggia and Viterbo and Gubbio and Como, a delegation from a Wiesbaden publishing house, some doctors from Canada, and alumni from two gymnasias in Berlin. Pilgrims came from London and Denmark, from Kisslegg and Hackenheim, from São Paulo and Mexico City.

Five times, in five tongues, the Pope delivered the same message. "You came to this audience to see the Pope, to hear his voice and to receive his blessing," he said. "But you also came to let him see and hear you and to put before him your anxieties, your hopes and your desires. This meeting established a double spiritual current, and so we wish that this circulation of sentiments and spiritual values may be an expression of our unity."

Personal Greeting. When Paul finished the last translation of his homily, a monsignor whisked the papers away, and the Pope rose to lead the crowd in singing the Nicene Creed in Latin. Then, quickly, he moved down to a chair set below the throne to receive a small group for a personal greeting. An Episcopal priest from Chicago spoke briefly about an ecumenical center to which he belongs. A boy presented the Pope with a soccer ball, neatly wrapped in white paper. Paul courteously rose to assist an Irish woman confined to a wheelchair with a broken ankle.

Shortly before 11, the Pope was borne aloft for the bobbing processional back through the Santa Marta door; outside, he stepped into his car for the brief drive to the Apostolic Palace. As he moved out of sight, blessing his visitors, the basilica echoed to the chant of "*Viva il Papa, viva il Papa!*" Slowly the crowd drifted away; a few remained to pray and recollect. There had been no great words spoken, nor, for most of the pilgrims, any personal encounter with Roman Catholicism's ruler; yet nearly all left the basilica awed and exhilarated. "An impressive experience," said an American surgeon, in Rome for a convention. Asked what she thought of the new Pope, a woman from Northern Italy just glared at her interviewer. "You ask me, a Milanese, what I, as a Milanese, think of a Milanese Pope?"



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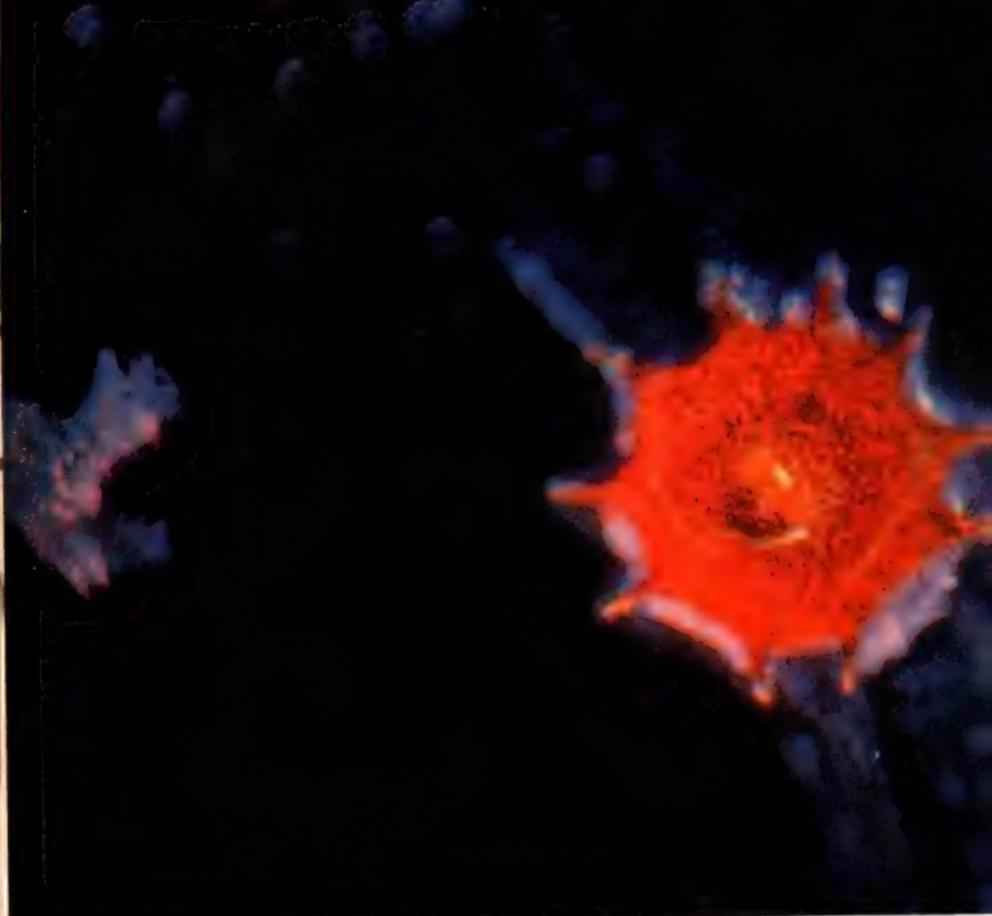
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Exceptional photomicrograph by Roman Vishniac of shelled amoeba, magnified 750 diameters. © SHELL OIL COMPANY 1968

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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

What Catches the Teen-age Mind

The teen-age imagination is hard to catch, but once caught, easy to cage. Someone who calls himself Ghoulardi has caged nearly every teen-age mind in Cleveland.

He is both host and intruder on a daily series of old one-reel comedies on WJW-TV. He wears a pointed, Satanic goatee, trick glasses and a horned hairdo—in the understandable hope that the adult community will not recognize him as Ernie Anderson, erstwhile announcer of commercials for power companies and banks.

Ghoulardi plays bongo drums on hu-

MARVIN GELMAN



CLEVELAND'S GOHULARDI
A deity for teenedom tedium.

man skulls, and he hits fungos with shrunken heads; but mainly he just plays the nut clown. He shows ads that say, "Drink Ghoulaid," and he says he likes to read *The Tragedy of Ghoulus Caesar*. From college he graduated magna *ghoul laude*. Perhaps because he sees himself as another Ghoul Brynner, he has a ghoul complex. His favorite ball-player is Ghoul Hodges. This goes on until adults can justifiably despair of teenedom as a world they never made.

But Cleveland teen-agers imitate Ghoulardi as if he were the exemplar deity of an unimaginably perfect race. When he invented the word Knif—fink spelled backward—and began offering Knif buttons, he got requests for thousands. High school teachers hold spelling bees between Knifs and Ghoulardis, and football coaches similarly divide their teams for intrasquad scrimmages. One day Anderson said: "All the world's a purple Knif." Now every kid in Cleveland is saying that. He thinks the name Oxnard, as in Oxnard, Calif., is hilarious. He named a crow Oxnard. Kids all over the Cleveland area are calling one another Oxnard.

Ghoulardi intrudes himself into the

old movies he hosts. In *One Million Years B.C.*, an animal-like man was tearing away at a hunk of meat. Suddenly Ghoulardi's head popped into the picture, saying, "Cool it. Don't eat that stuff. I'll take you around the corner and get you a good pizza." Zow. In another film, a mad scientist had turned a group of people into micromidgets. "What do you want?" said the scientist to the grumbling group. Ghoulardi, superimposed in miniature, raised his hand and said, "The men's room."

There is a widespread canard that 1963's teen-agers are brighter, quicker, and of higher intellectual potential attainment than any previous generation. Ghoulardi has knocked that theory into a cocked hat. Or rather into a football helmet with faucets sticking out of it. He wears one. Zow.

TEACHERS

Why the Rules Don't Work

Anyone who tries to get a teaching job in U.S. public schools confronts a thicket of state rules—rules that say what college courses and how many credits are needed to get a state teaching certificate. The purpose is lofty: it is to ensure that teachers know their business.

Why, in practice, do the rules do precisely the opposite?

The best reply ever given to that question was published by Harvard's former President James B. Conant last week in *The Education of American Teachers* (McGraw-Hill: \$5). The product of two years' fact finding in 22 states, Conant's answer is that the states' rules keep colleges from developing sound and imaginative ways of training teachers, that, in fact, many colleges fail to try. And in the end the states ignore their own rules when teachers certified in one field are allowed to teach in any other.

Dangerous Misunderstanding. Conant calls this "a national scandal," and he has a solution: take the wraps off the 1,150 colleges that train teachers in the U.S., give future teachers a real academic education, and make practice teaching, not fusty education courses, the key to certification. Only by this "radical" reform, says Conant, will U.S. classrooms get qualified teachers.

The first obstacle is the education "establishment"—a complex of education professors and National Education Association groups that guide state education departments in setting certification rules, which in turn dictate college curriculums. In recent years the establishment has tightened the rules—nobly, it believes—to stress subject matter and a trend toward five years of teacher training. But this is not necessarily an improvement, says Conant. The same education courses remain, while the establishment, with "frightening rigidity," endorses only "approved programs."

—most of them academically anemic. "Pathetic" is Conant's word for most required foundation courses. Tidbit surveys, such as philosophy of education, "leave the future teacher with the most dangerous of misunderstandings: that he knows what he is talking about when, in fact, he does not." Worse, Conant found in college after college that "members of a subject-matter department (English or chemistry, for example) were totally unfamiliar with what was going on in the schools and couldn't care less." The same went for supervision of practice teaching in "even the best institutions."

Opium Smokers. While certification rules distort college curriculums, the ultimate irony is that half-educated teachers are later thrown into fields not their own. This is how most states "solve" the teacher shortage. Conant "contemplates with horror" the fact that 34% of all seventh- and eighth-grade mathematics classes are taught by teachers whose college training covered less



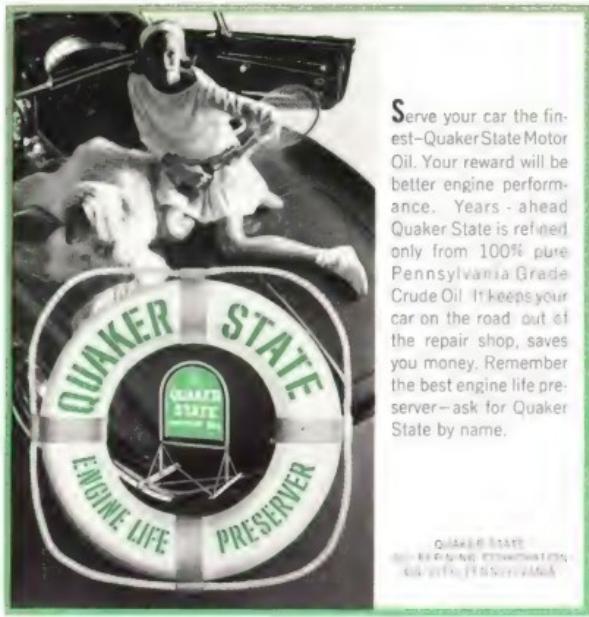
WINSLOW HOMER'S SCHOOLMARM
A diet for torpid teaching.

than two elementary courses in the subject. Concludes Conant: "The policy of certification based on the completion of state-specified course requirements is bankrupt."

Equally bankrupt is the widespread policy of giving teachers a raise every time they pass a course after hours—any course, including "Mickey Mouse" guts like driver education. "I just love taking courses," one teacher told Conant. "I could keep on taking courses all my life." Says Conant: "I feel as if I were talking to opium smokers."

Conant's prescription goes far beyond pep pills. It consists of urgent, major surgery. Among his 27 recommendations:

- **FUTURE TEACHERS.** States should lure recruits from the top 30% of high school graduates by offering a free college education through loans that would be forgiven after four or five years of public school teaching.
- **TEACHER TRAINING.** Colleges should be free to develop their own programs—



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with stress on practice teaching. They should join schools in state-financed programs run by "clinical professors of education"—master teachers versed in academic subjects. Schools should train recruits in teams under "cooperating teachers"—masters working with the clinical professors.

- **ASSIGNMENT.** Schoolboards should place teachers only in their own fields and furthermore should give them paid time off for graduate study and a sharp salary raise after four probationary years of on-the-job training. Further raises should be based on fulltime summer study toward graduate degrees.

- **CERTIFICATION.** State licenses should require only a baccalaureate degree from "a legitimate college or university"—plus soundly supervised practice teaching and endorsement by the college. Once certified in one state, under the Conant doctrine, a teacher would be certified in all states.

To idealistic? In essence, Conant argues that colleges, given "freedom and responsibility," will in fact compete to graduate the best teachers possible—pinning their reputations on the kind of teachers they produce. Will it work that way?

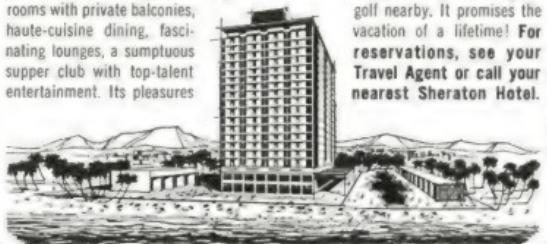
New York's able State Commissioner of Education James E. Allen praised the competition idea as "sound" but argued that "many institutions are not ready or willing to accept the responsibility." Max Rafferty, Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, called Conant's criticism "extremely well taken," but insisted that his state's recently upgraded certification rules are "excellent." Officials in other states also paid homage to Conant, but argued that the trend is all toward the profession's setting its own standards—or more of the same situation.

Odds are that Conant's incisive book will spark lively debate, make the establishment uncomfortable, and produce a few small changes. But if it looks more like a brilliant analysis than a revolutionary manifesto, it is surely a distinguished public service.

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INTEGRATION

Dickie's Decision

Scared but delighted, the locked-out Negro children of Virginia's Prince Edward County resumed their education last week in four public schools leased by the Prince Edward Free School Association. And right there among them, his white face conspicuous in a sea of black ones, was a 6-ft., 180-lb. boy of 17 named Richard Moss—the single nonconformist who deliberately chose to go to school with 1,500 Negroes.

Dickie's inspiration comes from his father, Dean Gordon Moss of Longwood College in Farmville, the county seat. For four lonely years, in letters, speeches and interviews, Dean Moss has urged his fellow citizens to reopen public schools. He has been snubbed, ostracized, threatened—all to his son's



STUDENT MOSS & CLASSMATES
They heard he was coming.

increasing admiration. Sent earlier to school outside the county, Dickie is putting in his senior year at the free high school for a simple reason: "This was something I could do for my father. He has fought this battle for a long time."

Dickie will hardly suffer academically. The free school, which is still passing the hat to pay for its year-long \$1,000,-000 crash program, is nongraded and amply supplied with teachers. It has a well-qualified school superintendent, Neil V. Sullivan, who is on leave from heading the schools of East Williston, Long Island. Because Dickie is far ahead of many of the Negro 17-year-olds, his father expects him to get "darn near tutorial education."

He is also getting a warm welcome. "We heard about you, but we didn't think you'd come," said one Negro boy. What Dickie is not getting is white sympathy. Hecklers razz him: "You gonna keep going to school with those niggers?" His father got an anonymous letter: "Don't you know what happened in Atlanta? Do you want a Charlaine Hunter in your family?"

Dickie Moss's example was supposed to encourage other white children, now mostly paying tuition of \$240 to \$265 at all-white private schools, to go to the free schools. None did out of principle, but Dickie was joined by three white students who are the children of poor farmers. One is a girl of seven, another a boy of eight. The third is Brenda Abernathy, 16, who lives in a tumble-down shack. Her ordeal, rising out of the poverty of her father, is tougher than Dickie's, but Superintendent Sullivan was heartened by her presence, however reluctant. Said he in his opening prayer: "We ask you to bless the students and to encourage them to take advantage of an opportunity denied them for four years—one which, we pray, will never again be denied an American child."

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ART

Dogma Shaped in Stone

... a bulwark impregnable to the new doctrines, in which Throne and Religion can take shelter confident that not one single idea of those which are stirring up the world will penetrate within.

Spain's great and brooding Escorial was built to be a royal court, reliquary, monastery, art gallery, basilica and a pantheon of kings all joined in one. But most of all it was—and is—the symbol of the change-resisting spirit of Spain, as Philip II defined it when he decreed its construction. Now celebrating its

to bear out in architecture the spirit of the Counter Reformation begun at the council. To the little town of El Escorial (meaning slag heaps, from the nearby iron furnaces) came bronzes from Milan, candelabra from Flanders, rare woods from the New World. Philip personally supervised the work from a stone seat overlooking the site two miles away. He raised laborers by national levies, and many saw in the macabre plan of the monastery a visible proof of his will to burn alive all heretics from the Catholic faith.

At last in 1586, El Escorial was con-

called the *pudridero*, a putrefying halt symbolic of purgatory. The chilly crypts also contain the tombs of the infants and infants; their white marble coffins stacked in circles like the layers of a wedding cake. Many are empty, awaiting future generations of royalty that may never be born.

Elsewhere, the interior is rich in décor (see opposite page). There are 1,600 oils and 540 frescoes by Van der Weyden, Dürer, Bosch, Titian, Tintoretto, Velázquez, Rubens, Veronese, Navarrete, Ribera and later baroque artists. Many were purchased from afar by Philip II, but he was a stern patron. Italian fresco painters were imported by the dozen and sent packing in equal



EL ESCORIAL
Court, reliquary, art gallery and pantheon of kings.

fourth centenary, the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo de El Escorial is the largest and most ambitious Renaissance building in Spain and still, in esthetic effect, an impregnable bulwark.

Built on the rise of the Guadarrama mountain range 31 miles from Madrid, El Escorial casts such a gloomy aspect that the Romantic Poet Théophile Gautier called it the "granite debauch of Spain's Tiberius." Even its floor plan reflects a grim occasion. The monastery is named in honor of a humble 3rd century deacon who was burned alive on a gridiron by his Roman torturers. San Lorenzo, it is said, calmly instructed the Romans: "This side's done. You can turn me over now." His coolness under trial won him a lasting place in Spanish devotion.

Thirteen centuries later, Philip II defeated French forces at the battle of San Quentin. By that victory he turned the tide to bring the Spanish Empire to its highest glory. Because it took place on Lorenzo's feast day, Philip decided to put up a monument to the saint, the empire and God—built on the plan of a gigantic gridiron.

On Straight Lines. The first stone was set just as the Council of Trent was ending, and for 21 years the walls rose

secreeted on the eve of San Lorenzo's feast day, with 200,000 oil lamps illuminating it so brightly that the glow could be seen in Toledo, 50-odd miles to the south. Its walls stretched 675 ft. by 530 ft., embracing 16 courtyards, 4,000 rooms, 86 staircases, 88 fountains and 100 miles of corridors. Philip had commanded his architects to create "simplicity in the construction, severity in the whole, nobility without arrogance, majesty without ostentation." Except for the gables, almost every line in the façades is dead straight; the exterior is cold, unadorned and broken only by tiny windows; the dome of the basilica is enclosed as if within a fortress. Thus at a stroke, Philip ended the tradition of exuberantly ornamented Spanish architecture known as the plateresco, a hodgepodge of Gothic, Moorish and early Renaissance motifs.

Cold Wedding Cake. There is precious little exuberance in El Escorial. Within a lugubrious octagonal chamber of black marble and gilt directly below the high altar, the remains of almost all the kings and queens of Spain since Charles V are ranked in four tiers of sarcophagi. But before the monarchs reached this regal end, their bodies had to lie for ten years in an anteroom

numbers. One Spanish artist daubed a cat-and-dog fight into a 1575 oil of the Holy Family; for this informal touch, Philip ordered him to depict thereafter "neither cat nor dog nor any other indecorous figure, but only saints moving to devotion." El Greco, commanded to do the *Martyrdom of St. Maurice and the Theban Legion* for the high altar, painted a visionary flux of vermilion and saffron in which the gory event, a mass beheading, was pushed into the background. Perhaps fortunately, he never again received a royal commission and retired to Toledo.

A Tiny Cell. The reign of Philip II brought Spain to her peak as a world power, but the imperial effort left the nation bankrupt. The Armada sank just four years after El Escorial was completed. In 1598 Philip II, suffering from gout, fever and running sores, endured a painful week's journey by sedan chair from Madrid to his royal monastery. Lying in the ascetic 12-ft.-sq. cell he used as his bedchamber, which opened onto the high altar so that he could hear the Mass, the morose monarch died as the most reviled and revered king of Christendom. Behind him, he left a declining empire—and El Escorial, a dogma shaped in stone.

TREASURY OF SPANISH ART



"CROWNING WITH THORNS" by Hieronymus Bosch was among first masterpieces in El Escorial.



GILDED BRONZE effigies of Charles V and members of his family kneel in prayer in basilica just above royal mausoleum.

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Lime Juice, 4 parts whiskey
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or Scotch). Add ice. Shake.
Stir clockwise four times,
anticlockwise twice. Add
a hint of mint. Highly
recommended to keep
guests happy, circulating
and sparkling.

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doghouse... 1 part Rose's
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or Scotch). Add ice. Shake.
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OK you can come out now!

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MODERN LIVING

EDWARD GOREY



DESIGNER MAINBOCHER:



DINNER



EVENING



STREET

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FASHION

The Main Line

"I am the Rolls-Royce of the fashion trade," says Manhattan's Mainbocher, and it is a simple statement of fact. At 72, the short, round little man with the synthetic name can boast that his clothes are the most carefully made, the slowest to change, and among the most expensive in the world. If the upper-class look characterizes the lines of both Mainbocher and Balenciaga, "Main's" clothes look like older money.

Mainbocher is also the great loner. He disregards the feverish pitch of the Paris houses and shows his collections at his own dignified pace (his butler serves ice water instead of champagne). Last week two audiences—one of society women and one of fashion pros, both as carefully hand-picked as the members of a royal wedding—were admitted to the off-white salon on Fifth Avenue, sat reverently on couches and little blue chairs to watch six mannequins parade in 150 designs while the aging master explained them in a well-modulated whisper.

The news was not dramatic—longer waistlines and shorter coats, more form-fitting shapes, and buttons all over. But sweeping innovations and fancy pace-setting are never the point. A Mainbocher is a Mainbocher, and the woman who wears it expects to go on wearing it for years. Which is almost necessary at those prices—the average price of a mere suit is \$1,000.

Mainbocher is the master of the throwaway: a little tweed jacket that suddenly turns out to be lined with sable, a simple something buttoned up to the neck that unbuttons—if you just happen to feel like it—to reveal a splash of Schlumberger or Verdura in emeralds and diamonds. He was making the sleeveless sheath long before Jackie Kennedy made it a cliché.

The One & Only. Mainbocher's name is usually pronounced even by himself as if it were French (Main-beau-chez),

but he is as American as blue jeans. He was named Main Rousseau Bocher (pronounced Bosher) when he was born 72 years ago on the West Side of Chicago. His mother wanted him to be a painter, his father wanted him to be a violinist, he wanted to be an opera singer. He had to change his plans when, just as he was about to go onstage for his debut in Paris, he lost his voice.

Unable to sing a note for three years, he became editor of the French edition of *Vogue*, and was so successful in the fashion world that in 1930 he opened his own salon. Mainbocher came to New York in 1939, where he profited by the wartime blackout of France as the fashion center of the world. Today he is America's sole exemplar of the big-name custom-only couturier. Unlike such top U.S. designers as Norman Norell and James Galanos, he does not distribute his models through department stores; anyone who wants to buy a Mainbocher has to come to the Fifth Avenue salon.

The Appointment. And it is by no means as simple as that, either. Unless she comes with an introduction from an established client, the would-be customer is confronted by a formidable lady with a foreign accent who takes her name and informs her that she will be sent an invitation to view the collection—a stall that gives the office staff a chance to check her social background and financial status. When she arrives for her appointed showing, there are seldom more than two other customers in the salon.

Mainbocher dresses some of the most glamorous properties on Broadway, as well as some of the most sedulously anonymous rich. His skill with color, plain lines and expert engineering takes especially kindly to the middle-aged figure. Many women who wear his clothes never see him, but such favored clients as "Babs" Paley and "Ceezee" Guest can sometimes prevail on him to discuss their wardrobes over lunch at Le Pavillon or the Colony. "I think I've been

a reassuring influence in fashion," he says. "I don't want my clothes to make a woman look desperate for attention; I do want them to add to her chic and not make her look smartly smart."

THE MARKETPLACE

It Won't Be Make-Believe

It's only 92 days till Christmas, and if the U.S. Toy Manufacturers' exhibit, which opened in New York this week, is any indication, it's going to be a mechanized holiday this year. Make-believe is out, if not actually forbidden.

"Trassy's" hair really grows when a key is turned in her back. The puppets have their own lines—eight or ten deathless phrases at the pull of a string. The toy car is not pulled by a string, not even attached to an electric cord with controls on one end, but operated by the young master by shining a flashlight on a built-in solar cell. The bear flees the juvenile hunter aimlessly around the room, uttering real bellows of pain when the blunted bullets find their mark. And while six-year-old space cadets are blasting off rockets with water pressure, their knee-high girl friends (with whom they are presumably going steady) will be usefully engaged in the dark arts of *maquillage*, practicing with a Charm Girl Beauty Bar on a long-tressed plastic head—dyeing, bleaching, creaming, rouging, eye-shadowing, and getting the fake eyelashes on straight.

THE HIGHWAY

Charmed Life

The least likely person to have an accident, according to a National Safety Council study of 1962 statistics on 16 U.S. turnpikes, is a woman, either under 20 or over 55, driving on an icy highway between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m. on a misty Wednesday in February. The most likely candidate for siren and stretcher is a young man of 24 or 25, driving on a dry pavement at 5 p.m. on a Friday in July.



MARY ANN



MARY MAGDALENE



MARY CATHERINE



JAMES ANDREW



MARY MARGARET

PEDIATRICS

The Pride of Aberdeen

Aberdeen, a typical prairie town in South Dakota, had seen nothing like it since the introduction of the ring-necked pheasant turned the town into a hunter's paradise. Telegrams poured in, including greetings from the President of the U.S. and Senator Karl Mundt. Newsmen, radio and TV crews were everywhere. St. Luke's Hospital swarmed with guards trying to control the unusual traffic. The quintuplets born to Mary Ann Fischer, 30, wife of a billing clerk in a wholesale grocery, were thriving, and the town was afire with pride.

New Washers. Hastily christened by Bishop Lambert A. Hoch while they were still on the critical list, the quintuplets seemed well past most of the dangers of prematurity last week. Her pallor heightened by fright and emphasized by a blue robe, Mrs. Fischer submitted to a round of predictable nonsense when the hospital held a press conference in its crowded basement cafeteria. "Would you like to have five again?" The answer was blunt and honest: "I told them upstairs I'd rather go into the delivery room again than come down here."

Husband Andrew Fischer took over and was asked his recipe for successfully raising five children. "The most important part of the bringing up," he said, "is a good wife." Then he went home and made an understandable bid for

* Equally thriving: Venezuela's Prieto quintuplets, still in Maracaibo's University Hospital.

MEDICINE

privacy by having his phone cut off. But there was no slowing the celebration down. Gifts for the Fischer babies flooded Aberdeen. They ranged from cattle feed for the cows that Andrew Fischer now milks by hand for his five older children to baby shoes and a fur-trimmed coat for Mrs. Fischer. Through its chamber of commerce, Aberdeen decided to build a \$100,000 house for the Fishers. And as the loot piled up, Income Tax Boss Mortimer Caplin reminded his agents that all such unsolicited gifts, for which the Fishers performed no service, were tax-free. But taxes would be due on a \$75,000 *Saturday Evening Post* contract for short-term magazine and TV rights.

Fast Film. Doctors studying the birth and early days of the Fischer quintuplets noted that there had been only one entirely new principle available for their care since the birth of the Dionne quintuplets in 1934: potent and selective antibacterial drugs (sulfa and antibiotics) were on hand to guard against infection.

But at every step there were refinements and improvements in more familiar medical techniques. The X ray which first showed Dr. James A. Berbos that Mrs. Fischer was bearing a fivesome was taken with high-speed film developed since World War II—safer for both mother and babies. The light anesthesia used during delivery was better controlled and adjusted. Doctors now know that the right oxygen con-

centration for preemies is around 40%.

And the five little Fishers were promptly placed in five Isolettes, incubators developed in 1948 to give automatic and precise control of temperature, humidity and oxygen strength. There they will stay for a while before graduating to the open air—and, in about two months, to that big new house that the town is building for them.

CARDIOLOGY

"One Man's Stress . . ."

Is it safe to be a boss? Are executives more subject than their subordinates to early and fatal heart attacks? Medical men, bemused by the number of young executives who made the obituary columns, used to think the danger was real. Then they realized that ditchdiggers seldom make the obit pages, and they decided to take a more careful statistical look at executives to see how the bosses fared. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., with battalions of executives and divisions of manual workers, was an ideal place for the study.

Now, in the A.M.A. *Journal*, Du Pont Statistician Sidney Pell and Physician C. Anthony D'Alzon report that presidents, vice presidents and plant managers have an annual heart-attack rate of only 2.2 per 1,000, while the manual workers' rate is 3.2. Du Pont's clerical workers have a rate of 4.0 per 1,000. Among those listed as clerical workers, evidently, are many who have failed of promotion to executive status and are suffering the stress of frustration.

The tensions of responsibility do not necessarily shorten a man's life, the researchers conclude. "Stress cannot be measured or described by the external circumstances with which a man must contend, but rather by his reaction to these circumstances. One man's stress may be another man's pleasure."

PHYSIATRY

Ice Massage

It is axiomatic in medicine that if many different treatments for a single condition are listed in the textbooks, none of them can be much good. Dozens are listed for the pain and disability in muscles and joints that commonly result from everyday injuries. They include drugs, heat, cold, rest, exercise, etc. Lieut. Colonel Arthur E. Grant, chief of physical medicine at Brooke Army General Hospital in Texas, was aware of all the possibilities because he was responsible for thousands of G.I.s who kept getting themselves banged up. He wanted something



CHRISTENING ONE OF THE FISCHER QUINTUPS

Most important: a good wife.

more effective than traditional medicine.

Dr. Grant had noted, as has many another TV sports fan, that athletic trainers seem to get good results with a cooling ethyl chloride spray. And he knew about applying hot-water bottles filled with ice cubes. But if a little cold is good, Dr. Grant reasoned, deeper chilling might somehow ease the pain and help the accident patient get his muscles and joints working sooner. Dr. Grant was certain of one thing at least: the longer a muscle or joint is immobilized by pain, the harder it is to get it working again.

Dr. Grant's team of physiatrists hit upon ice massage as the way to induce a deep chill. As they developed their technique, the medics began to use half-pound chunks of ice, frozen in cans, held in a washcloth. Patients complained of an uncomfortable chill, then of a burning sensation, then of an ache, but finally they reported a blessed



DR. GRANT DIRECTING ICE MASSAGE

Next time, do it to yourself.

numbness and easing of pain. If the injury was in a part of an arm or leg that could be dipped in water, it was dunked, then ice cubes were dropped into the water until the cycle of discomfort ended in numbness.

Among the first 1,000 patients—young G.I.s with fresh injuries—the deeper-chill method was successful in about 90% of the cases. Dr. Grant extended the method to 7,000 soldiers and ex-soldiers of all ages, and their wives, now reports that it has worked well in more than 75% of such patients.

Ice massage, Dr. Grant points out, should not be tried in such joint disorders as rheumatoid arthritis, which are known to be eased by heat and aggravated by cold. But for routine strains, sprains, bruises and Charley horses, he finds chilling to the point of numbness the most effective treatment yet devised. And even though patients may complain at first of its discomfort, they usually feel so much better after the treatment that they go home and do it for themselves.

"If I'm so smart how come I'm not working for you?"



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MUSIC

OPERA

Coming of Age in San Francisco

The merest fault darkens his day. Rehearsing with Joan Sutherland, he could notice nothing but the graceless clumber of *La Stupenda's* feet. The curtain bothered him when the orchestra was at its best; the lights annoyed him when the set was perfect; poor acting upset him when the singing was glorious. With a board of directors that applauds him with rubber-stamp approval, an audience that regularly fills every seat, and a local gentry that promises in advance to make up the final deficit in his budget, San Francisco Opera Director Kurt Herbert Adler remains on the critical list.

Inflaming Ease. In ten years in San Francisco, Adler's furious pursuit of perfection has brought remarkable results. The company has given the first U.S. performances of such works as Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and Cherubini's *Medea*, revivals of *Nabucco* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*. American opera debuts to such singers as Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Boris Christoff, Sandor Konya and Sutherland. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, who has yet to sing at New York's Metropolitan, has been appearing in San Francisco since 1955. On good nights, the opera's chorus and ballet are matchless in the U.S., and some of San Francisco's stage sets make the Met's look as if they were built by tenors. Still, the Met dwarfs Adler's company with the kind of ease that inflames. The Met has more money, its own orchestra, and a season four times longer than San Francisco's seven weeks.

Matching the Met in size as well as quality is Adler's prime ambition. He approaches the job with enough cheek to propose himself as a cover boy to magazine editors, enough musicality to remain an undisputed favorite among singers, enough energy to stay at the

opera house 18 hours a day during the season and turn his vacations into 48-hour jokcs.

Adler spends nine months a year in San Francisco and devotes the winter months to scouting trips to New York and Europe. He often spends Christmas Day in a hotel room talking to singers and agents; two years ago, he saw 42 operas in 25 cities in 44 days. Now 58, Vienna-born Adler tramped across Europe until 1938, learning opera while lending his hand to such diversions as an Austrian production of *Abie's Irish Rose*. Then he came to the U.S. and, in 1942, signed on as San Francisco's chorus director. When Founder and Director Gaetano Merola died in 1953, Adler took over.

The Aidatorium. Some vestiges of Merola's Neapolitan hand still persist in the company's top-heavy Italian repertoire. Last week, Adler opened the new season with a week of pure *parsuon* starting with *Aida*—as the company has done so often that a local critic named the War Memorial Opera House the Aidatorium. But the new season also includes Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, Strauss's *Capriccio*, Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*—all operas the Met audience will not see.

The season's first week gave Adler more reason than ever to believe the testimonials to his genius that gleam down on him from the walls of his office. Price, Regina Resnik and Giorgio Tozzi gave him an excellent opening night and Sutherland's *Sonnambula* won love-letter reviews. There was a sparkling new production of *The Barber of Seville*, and a *Mefistofele* in which dancers and chorus kindled each other to spectacular performances on sets that sometimes looked like paintings by Tintoretto. San Francisco was seeing some of the best-produced opera the American season can expect.

FOLK SINGERS

Little John

It doesn't sound quite like the blues. The thumb strums a steady one-two beat on the two lowest guitar strings while two fingers play arpeggio melodies on the upper strings. There are no leaning, sliding blue notes, no full chords. The music is light and nimble, and the guitar accompanies the singer's baritone voice in note-for-note unison:

No more potatoes.
Frost done killed the vine
The blues ain't nothin'
But a good woman on your mind.

The song is C. C. Rider, and the verse expresses the bitterest feelings of its author and singer, a sweet-tempered old man named Mississippi John Hurt. Six months ago, Hurt was home in Avalon, Miss. (pop. 200), working on a farm for \$28 a month—while his wife cooked free for the farmer. Last



JOHN HURT

Life was a 35-year wait.

week he was in Washington holding nightly seminars in country blues at a coffeehouse called The Ontario Place, and he was getting paid \$200 a week. The crowd, as usual, sipped its espresso in silence: the shy singer—69 years old and only 5 ft. 4 in. tall—is the most important rediscovered folk singer to come out of Mississippi's delta country, the traditional home of Negro country blues singers.

Hurt is now the grandfather of 17, but much of his music is a souvenir of his earliest childhood. Having quit school at eight, he learned such songs as *Good Morning, Miss Carrie*, *Salty Dog* and *Spanish Fandango* on the unpainted porch of his family's sharecropper shack. As he developed his unique guitar style, he invented others—*Spike Driver Blues*, *Candy Man Blues*, *Cow Hookin' Blues*. Eager scouts for Okeh Records showed up in 1928 to record Hurt, then left him to tend to his chores for 35 years. Last March a musicologist searched him out once more and talked him into resuming his career. "I thought he was the police," Hurt remembers. "When he asked me to come up North, I figured if I told him no, he'd take me anyway, so I told him yes."

Hurt came north to sing at the Philadelphia and Newport folk festivals, then went back home to pick cotton for \$4 a day. Now he has signed up for concerts this winter in Boston and New York, and settled down to his first regular singing job. Sitting on a black kitchen chair with his old brown fedora crunched down over his eyes, he sings until the sweat runs down his guitar, quietly announcing each song and saying nothing more—except to ask his listeners if he should leave out the slyly spicy lyrics in some of his songs. He is always told no, and then he sings:

*The rooster said, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."
Richland woman said, "Any do will do."*



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THE THEATER

Love in a Tepid Climate

The Irregular Verb to Love, by Hugh and Margaret Williams, raises the curtain on a new Broadway season, but the play is haunted by the tired ghosts of seasons past. *To Love* is still another family comedy, the semipterial soap opera of the theater. This time, the family is British, part tea cozy and part zany. Mama (Claudette Colbert), a one-woman S.P.C.A. who identifies with small fur-bearing animals, has just done an eight-month stretch in jail for blowing up two fur shops with homemade bombs. Daughter is going to have an illegitimate child by an accountant who



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New York, N. Y.

September 19, 1963

apparently lacks the caution proper to his vocation. Son is a bearded off-beatnik novelist who has brought home to London a monolingual Greek gamee first encountered in a Sardinian haystack. Like son, like father. During Mama's absence, Papa (Cyril Ritchard) has had his own affair with a divorcee. "The moment my back is turned," says Mama reproachfully. "Your back wasn't turned," says Papa with injured innocence. "It was taken away."

Unfortunately, the Williamses flourish the needle of humor without jabbing it into any rich vein of comedy. An artificial drawing-room comedy can nurture an earthly home truth. But *To Love* spouts more poppycock about the parent-child relationship and child rearing than has been heard since Bertrand Russell ran a school where boys and girls played together in the nude. Elegantly gowned by Parisian couturiers, Claudette Colbert, who seems to have a dimple in her voice, whisks herself into an understandable motherly and wifely froth. As the son, Robert Drivas is a personable rebel. The evening belongs to Cyril Ritchard, who could get laughs by reading an income tax form. If *To Love* had his high style, it would be the comedy-of-manners born.

Will zerts and spunfits put us closer to the moon?

Quite possibly, yes. A zert, for example, is a "zero reaction tool." Like the spunfit, it is part of a weird array of new equipment designed to help Astronauts make repairs while weightless. In space, swinging an ordinary hammer could, in effect, swing the Astronaut instead of the hammer.

This week, in a major report that includes nine color pages, LIFE examines the latest developments in Projects Gemini and Apollo, sequels to Mercury and significant steps toward a moon landing. In addition to the seven veteran Astronauts of the Mercury program, readers will meet nine new ones, each of whom introduces himself in an autobiographical sketch.

Personal accounts of the training, flights and home life of the Astronauts will appear first in LIFE as a continuation of its concentrated coverage of the space program. This week's introduction to the new Astronauts is only the first instalment in a continuing LIFE series on history-in-the-making.



... Adventure in space; tragedy in Alabama; joy in South Dakota: each week, LIFE focuses on the people and events that shape the world we live in. For people who care, this kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction. People you like to talk to read LIFE.

SPORT

BASEBALL

On Top with Old Smokey

There in the clubhouse he sat, in his undershirt, a snaggle-toothed grin giving him the look of a Saint Bernard that had broken into its own brandy barrel. "It feels good," murmured Manager Walter ("Smokey") Alston of the Los Angeles Dodgers. "It always feels good to win."

Smokey Alston smiling? The Dodgers winning? It was only yesterday that the collapsible Dodgers blew a four-game lead in the final week and presented the 1962 National League pennant to the San Francisco Giants. And it seemed only the day before that Bobby Thomson of the Giants deposited a dinky drive into the leftfield seats at the Polo Grounds to beat the Dodgers in a playoff for the 1951 pennant. Now the stage was set for another whirlwind finish that would leave the Dodgers flat on their backs, muttering dazedly: "Wait till next year."

"Another Game." All was in readiness last week when the Bums rolled into St. Louis for a last three-game series with the onrushing Cardinals. Two weeks before, the Dodgers were coasting six games ahead of the pack. But then the Cards won 19 out of 20, and the Dodger lead dissolved to one slim game. For the first time in years, lines of fans stood all day outside Busch Stadium waiting for the ticket gates to open. "We're ready," promised Cardinal Manager Johnny Keane. As for Alston, he would only grunt: "Another game, another series."

Back in Los Angeles, Dodger fans sighed and waited for the worst.

HELEN L. HARTMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



PITCHER KOUFAX

Why worry about a job?

nine years, Alston had delivered three pennants, two world championships, eight first-division finishes. But this was a time for heroics, and Alston hardly seemed the man to ignite any team. He was still the dour, noncommittal ex-shop teacher from Darntown, Ohio, the fellow who struck out the only time he ever got to bat in the big leagues, the homespun country boy who played percentages so devoutly that the Dodgers paid a fulltime statistician to do his arithmetic. Every fall Alston signed a blank contract, then waited till spring to find out how much the Dodgers were going to pay him (currently: \$45,000)—if indeed he was still on the payroll. "We all get fired sometime," he shrugged. "The only question is when."

But for once every percentage play clicked, and every move was blinding genius. To pitch the first game, Alston called on Veteran Lefty Johnny Podres, bad back, so-so record (13 victories, 10 losses) and all. The slugging Cards got only three hits (including a home run by Stan Musial), and the Dodgers won, 3-1. "We hated to lose that first game," admitted Cardinal Manager Keane. Gritted Musial: "We've got to win the next two."

When the Cards looked out to the mound next day, there stood Sandy Koufax, No. 1 in the National League in won-lost record (23-5), strikeouts (284) and practically everything else. The Dodgers' regular rotation called for Koufax to work the last game, but that fell on Rosh Hashana, and Sandy refuses to pitch on Jewish holidays. Alston also started hulking (6 ft. 7 in., 250 lbs.) Frank Howard despite the fact that Howard was 0-for-19 in St. Louis this season. So naturally Howard crashed a two-run homer, and Koufax

But in the Year of the Pitcher, only one of a still-growing club of 20-game winners. Last week, by beating the Los Angeles Angels, 3-1, Baltimore's Steve Barber (20-12) swelled the membership to nine in both leagues—most since 1956.

HELEN L. HARTMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



MANAGER ALSTON

needed only 87 pitches, 66 of them strikes, to spin a nifty four-hitter for a 4-0 shutout, his eleventh of the year.

"E for Effort." At last, in the final game, the Cards started hitting and ran up a 5-1 lead. The Dodgers got back three runs, and Alston had one last inspiration. Casting around for a lefthand pinchhitter, his eye fell on Dick Nen, 23, a farmhand who had shipped in from Spokane just that day. Sportswriters snickered. "How do you spell that?" asked one. Replied another: "N for Nothing. E for Effort. N for Nothing." But at bat in the ninth, Nen took the first pitch. Zip! A strike. Crack! A fastball sailed onto the rightfield roof for a game-winning homer.

The game went on for three scoreless extra innings, the pressure mounting with every pitch. Dodger Centerfielder Willie Davis led off the 13th with a single. And then the Cardinals cracked. With one out, Second Baseman Julian Javier scooped up a grounder, looked toward second, hesitated, went to first—and heaved the ball clear into the Dodger dugout. Davis jogged to third, scored easily seconds later on a soft grounder by Maury Wills. Three quick outs, and the Dodgers had a 6-5 victory, and a clean sweep of the series.

By week's end, the Cardinals had lost another game (to the Cincinnati Reds), and the Dodgers had won another (from the Pittsburgh Pirates). With only eight games to play, all at home, and three of them against the ineffable New York Mets, the Dodgers had a bulging five-game lead. Bring on the Yanks!

YACHTING

Victory by Design

They came from all over: a mill hand from Leningrad, a crown prince from Oslo, an oilman from Houston—some of the best small-boat sailors in the world. Two were former world champions, four were Olympic gold medalists, five had won the Scandinavian Gold Cup. For seven days, on the wind-lashed waters of Long Island Sound, they battled for the world's 5.5-meter sailing championship. And when the contest ended last week, they sadly packed their sail bags and left the championship to C. Raymond Hunt, 55, a bespectacled grandfather from Tilton, N.H., who had never before sailed a 5.5-meter in international competition.

Though he was once regarded as a topflight Marblehead helmsman, Hunt now does most of his sailing on a designer's drawing board. He helped pioneer the popular International 110 and 210 classes, developed the ultra-high-speed (50 m.p.h.) "Moppie" powerboat hull, designed the 5.5-meter *Minotau* that Massachusetts Yachtsman George O'Day sailed to victory in the 1960 Olympics. Hunt showed up at the world championship to try out his latest 5.5, *Chap II*, built by Finnish Shipbuilder Jussi Nemes. The two planned to race her together. But Nemes had to rush home at the last minute—his shipyard



"CHAJE II" OUT IN FRONT
Why take a chance?

had burned to the ground—and he asked Hunt to take over.

\$20,000 for Speed. Like a Grand Prix car, a 5.5-meter sailboat is a specialized piece of handwork, designed for speed, not for family fun. The 5.5s range from 28 ft. to 35 ft. in length, must conform to a complicated formula that requires each "plus" (larger sail area) to be balanced by a "minus" (heavier weight). Built in the U.S., a 5.5-meter hull costs about \$15,000; designer's fees, tank tests and sails boost the bill another \$5,000 or more. Running before the wind, under an 800-sq.-ft. spinnaker, a 5.5-meter can skim along at 8 knots. But a sailor is well advised to take along a reliable Mae West and a strong Australian crawl. "You've got to be rugged," says one skipper.

Unpredictable weather conditions helped make last week's championship a sailor's nightmare. One early race had to be postponed for lack of wind, but by the end of the seven-race series, swells were running 10 ft. high, and a 30-m.p.h. easterly buffeted the 34-boat fleet. "Are you sure we're in the right place?" asked one skipper. "This looks like the North Atlantic."

Computers & Jumpers. Contestants raced around a six-leg, 101-mile course, won points according to the Olympics scoring system, so involved that Texas' Albert Fay complained, "You need a dad-gum computer to find out where you stand." Olympic Champion O'Day won one race, was disqualified in the next when he failed to hear the recall horn after a false start, wound up a woeful twelfth in the competition. Norway's Crown Prince Harald was so eager that he beat the gun in the last race, thus costing himself a chance for second place overall instead of eighth.

It took Hunt only one afternoon to

get the feel of *Chaje II*. He finished eighth in the first race and then, reading the heavy weather like an oldtime clipper captain, proceeded to sail away from the rest of the fleet. He won two of the next four races, placed third twice, was so far ahead after five races that he sat out the sixth. "Why take a chance," he explained. "It was really nasty out there." On the last day, playing it cozy, Hunt finished a casual eleventh, and still coasted back to his berth with a huge 900-point lead over Runner-Up Lars Thorn of Sweden.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Cornelius ("Glit") Shields Jr., 29, seagoing son of famed U.S. Yachtsman Corny Shields: the International One-Design Class world sailing champion, on Long Island Sound. Skipper of the 12-meter *Columbus* in last year's America's Cup trials, Shields won the world title by scoring back-to-back victories at the start of the six-race series, building up such lead that he could finish sixth in the last two races and still win handily.

► Florida State: a 24-0 victory over favored (by eight points) University of Miami, first major upset of the college football season. The Seminole defense stifled Miami's ground game, held Glamour Boy Quarterback George Mira to 18 completions in 40 pass attempts. In another surprise, Air Force zoomed 91 yds. in the last 3 min. to nip favored 10-7. Other scores:

Southern California	14	Colorado	0
Northwestern	23	Missouri	12
Navarre	51	West Virginia	7
Alabama	32	Georgia	7
Pittsburgh	20	U.C.L.A.	8
Oklahoma	31	Clemson	14



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U.S. BUSINESS

FOREIGN TRADE

Sales Talk from the White House

Like a sales manager calling in his men for a pep talk, President Kennedy summoned 300 top businessmen to Washington to hear him and his top Cabinet officers whip up a bit of enthusiasm. His message: get out there—away out there—and sell. The two-day White House Conference on Export Expansion was attended last week by some pretty good salesmen, including IBM's Thomas Watson Jr., RCA's David Sarnoff, Raytheon's Charles Francis Adams and Gillette's Carl Gilbert—all of whom paid \$50 for the privilege of attending. But the President complained that U.S. businessmen often do not try hard enough to get their foot in the door when it comes to selling abroad. "American businessmen," said he, "have lost their traditional spirit of daring and ingenuity in world commerce."

Maintaining an Image. That was hard language, especially since the "Made in U.S.A." label has won worldwide respect—but it was buttressed by some hard statistics. By its sheer size, the U.S. leads the world in total exports, and still it sells only 4% of its gross national product abroad, v. 9% for Japan, 16% for West Germany, 19% for Sweden. In the face of increased competition by Japan, Britain and the Common Market, the U.S. share of world exports has shriveled from 26% in 1953 to 20%. Moreover, only U.S. exports tied to foreign aid are actually increasing, and straight commercial exports are declining. The Administration had hoped for a 10% increase in trade this year; instead, it will get only 2%.

If U.S. companies had just held the share of world sales they had six years ago, said the President, that would have been "more than enough to eliminate our entire balance-of-payments deficit." Greater export volume can also dramatically help the U.S. unemployment situation, since every \$1 billion in exports means the creation of 150,000 new jobs.



PRESIDENT KENNEDY AT CONFERENCE ON EXPORTS
Get out there—away out there—and sell.

The U.S. also needs a stepped-up sales effort overseas if it is to maintain its image as the world's most advanced industrial nation, an image that is being chipped at by less advanced but more aggressive export countries.

Affronts Abroad. Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges cited examples of affronts to foreign buyers that no wise U.S. businessmen would think of making at home. Technical instructions are frequently printed in English instead of the local language, prices are quoted only in dollars, and English measurements given where the metric system is used. U.S. appliance makers are missing a booming market overseas because they refuse to adjust to the varying electric voltages abroad. Electric turbine makers often do not gear their powerful and complicated products down to the more modest needs of emerging nations. There are, said Hodges, many cases of just plain incompetent or careless business practices."

The President had his own suggestion about how to raise exports: cut prices. Europe does well in many export areas, he said, "because European producers, unlike American producers, respond to excess capacity by reducing prices in order to maintain production, rather than reducing production to maintain prices."

The businessmen took all this with good grace. None of them question the need to step up exports, but they feel that the government should be doing something about the situation—as most other governments are. They asked for a tax incentive such as European countries give their exporters, for freedom from criminal anti-trust prosecution for ventures abroad, and for the assignment of higher caliber commercial attachés

at U.S. embassies to provide market information. In perhaps the most surprising request of all, they called for a reappraisal of the U.S. policy against selling to the Soviet bloc, hoping to free more nonstrategic goods for sale.

PROFITS

More Power to Them

Because they give businessmen both the impetus and the means to hire, build and modernize, profits are the power behind economic exuberance. By that gauge, the current prolonged business expansion stands a good chance of continuing. The Commerce Department reported last week that profits after taxes rose to a near-record annual rate of \$26.8 billion in the second quarter, up \$1 from 1963's first three months. More important, profits have been moving up for nine quarters—about twice as long as in any previous postwar recovery.

The profit climb has continued because of the happy conjunction of strong demand, stable costs and increased productivity—and economists are as pleased about it as executives. But their optimism was somewhat tempered last week by uneven reports on the economy's performance in August: though personal income rose to a record annual rate of \$465 billion, manufacturers' new orders slid 2%, and industrial production fell a point to 125.6% of the 1957-59 average—due largely to the auto industry's shutdown for model changes. Washington's experts expect that production will pick up speed with the 1964 cars and that profits will continue to advance, even if not so fast as before. For the full year, profits probably will reach an alltime high of \$27 billion, v. \$24.65 billion in 1962.



THE NEW CARS

Detroit keeps up public interest in its new models each year by scheduling a series of press showings of its latest products, then carefully rationing out the pictures that it hopes will lure the U.S. buyer into the nation's showrooms. Last week there was a spate of shiny new 1964 models, some considerably changed from 1963 and others newly dressed up, for auto shoppers to look over:



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COMMODITIES

Betting on the Future

Last week's record-breaking sale of Canadian wheat to the Russians (see *THE WORLD*) stimulated more than the Canadian economy; it rang like matting call for those iron-stomached speculators who go after big profits, and risk even bigger losses, by trading in commodity futures. The speculators rushed in to buy wheat futures, gambling that the Soviet crop failure would mean a larger market for U.S. wheat. They sent prices up as much as 13¢ a bushel on the Chicago Board of Trade, and the lucky ones were able to make a 130% profit on their investment in just five days.

Once, only professionals risked their money at the perilous pastime of making such esoteric guesses as how many potatoes would bid, the quality of hog bellies, the size of the soybean crop, and the number of cocoa beans on Ghanaian trees. But after tasting quick profits with the glamour stocks of the 1950s, thousands of amateurs—from housewives to retired mailmen—are trying for even quicker profits in the fritile, fickle commodity futures. Sales on the Chicago exchange have risen 80% in three years. Most often the amateurs lose, but the tales of what might have been keep them coming back like horse-race fans after a daily-double killing. They were also betting last week that the troubles in Malaysia would send rubber futures climbing, that rain and winds in the Midwest would hurt the soybean harvest, and that the world shortages that sent sugar soaring earlier this year would do it again.

Horrific Losses. The futures market basically involves trying to guess at what price one of the 30-odd commodities traded will be selling in a given month in the future. Experts study the weather, the size of plantings, inventories, probable demand and world political whims to make their judgments. For actual users of a commodity, the guess about the future is a practical way of stabilizing costs and protecting profits. If wheat gets scarcer and thus more expensive, the flour miller will make a profit on his futures contract—which is based on the price of wheat today—but the profit will be balanced by the fact that he will also have to pay more in the cash market for the wheat he actually needs. If the contract's value decreases because of a wheat glut, he will take a loss on his futures contract but hopefully make it up by buying his wheat more cheaply. While commodity users play the market largely to protect themselves, they could not do so without the speculator, whose purchase of a futures contract is simply a bet that the price will change in the direction he anticipates.

Profits can be big; a contract for 5,000 bushels of wheat costs only \$500 down, and every rise of a cent a bushel adds \$50 to the contract's value. But

losses can be horrendous because, as the commodity's price drops, the speculator is called on to put up more margin to cover his investment. Often no one will buy his contract on a sharp price drop, and he is unable to get out. When the sugar price broke last spring, one New York speculator was getting margin calls for \$20,000 a day, with no hope of selling out. On the other hand, many speculators who had bought sugar earlier and sold before the drop made huge profits.

Grand Design. Much of the risk in futures is generated by the unsteady nerves of the amateurs. A single cloud sighted over Manitoba two years ago was enough to cause a drop of \$757 in flaxseed future contracts, which had been rising in the belief that a drought was destroying the crop. Last week the wheat speculators were nervously trying to gauge whether the U.S. would loosen its strict rules against trading with Communists and sell wheat to the Soviet bloc. Of course, they had no assurance that the Communists would try to buy. But many of them were actually willing to believe that the whole nuclear test ban treaty was a grand design of the Russians to soften the U.S. into selling them wheat.

STEEL

Streamlining the Elephant

United States Steel, the world's largest steelmaker, has often been criticized for being a clumsy, poorly organized giant with too much fat. Last week Big Steel answered the critics with its most sweeping reorganization since 1951. The move gave the jitters to thousands of its employees who fear for their jobs, and caused competitors to wonder just how tough the revamping will make the company that already sells a fourth of the steel in the U.S. "How do you streamline an elephant?" asked one rival.

Big Steel plans to streamline by combining seven divisions covering mining, shipping and steelmaking into a single unit in hopes that the elephant will be able to move more quickly. It will consolidate its research and accounting operations and narrow its 53 separate sales offices in 28 cities (as many as three to a city) to only one to a city. Seven other autonomous divisions, largely concerned with steel fabricating, were left untouched.

The move should please customers, who often have five different Big Steel salesmen calling on them, but, more important, it will trim the company's costs by eliminating a great deal of duplicated effort. Big Steel hopes that it will help increase profits, which have shrunk from 9.5% of sales in 1957 to 4.7% last year. Reorganization will also mean fewer white-collar jobs. In the past two years, U.S. Steel has trimmed its office payroll by up to 30%; the estimates are that the latest move will lop off another 10%.

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MERCHANDISING

Bargains Beneath Boston

In his half century with Boston's Filene's, courtly Harold D. Hodgkinson, 73, has climbed from basement stock boy to board chairman. But Hodgkinson still likes to start his day in the basement, where he hangs his coat and hat in a cubicle before proceeding to his seventh-floor executive suite. He makes sure to get out of the basement before 9:30—for that is a dangerous hour at Filene's. As soon as the opening gong rings, a stampede of waiting shoppers surges through the doors and overruns the basement with fervor that has often caused near-riots. They are there to get first pick of the low-cost luxuries that have made Filene's Basement the world's most unusual bargain store.

"The basement is a small, hot, smelly, crowded, rocky place," admits Hodgkinson, "but it's also a happy hunting ground." A three-level, block-long area pocked with gas-pipe racks and dingy wooden counters, the basement sells more goods per square foot of space than any other store in the world, accounts for a quarter of Filene's annual volume of \$100 million, and is so important to the company that it is run as a completely separate store. On a normal day, up to 100,000 bargain hunters roll through its 16 entrances, and during special sales the number has risen to 175,000. Last week, waiting for a fur sale in which some \$5,000 furs went for as little as \$1,995, a crush of women boldly unlatched the door chain before opening time, stripped all the furs from the racks in less than ten seconds.

No Gilded Lily. The formula for this subterranean success is a combination of Filene's Basement's pricing policy and its unceasing search for bargains, both of which were originated by Lincoln and Edward Filene, the famed brothers who made Filene's one of the world's largest specialty stores. Filene's 60 buyers scour the world, picking up surplus stock, irregular merchandise and

going-out-of-business wares. Filene's is a haven for other merchants who are hit by fire or failure; its buyers will fly off even in the middle of the night to close a deal. It deals regularly with such stores as Neiman-Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue, will pay more for merchandise if the manufacturer or store will let it leave on the original labels. Just before Paris fell to the Germans, Filene's buyers shipped 400 Schiaparelli and Lelong dresses home through Spain; the dresses disappeared from the racks in 15 minutes. Chairman Hodgkinson managed to buy out the Queen Mary's fancy haberdashery shop when the liner became World War II trooper, still travels around the globe in search of bargains for the basement.

The basement marks down all unsold merchandise 25% after twelve days, 25% more after 18 and 24 days, and at the end of 30 days gives to charitable organizations anything that is left. But 90% disappears within the first twelve days, and last year only one-tenth of 1% reached charities. Filene's describes any faults of its items on a dated tag, refunds the customer's money whenever damage or irregularity is too great. Says Hodgkinson: "It doesn't pay to gild the lily to the point where it dies."

Just Plain Fun. Filene's shoppers include not only ordinary Bostonians—if there is such a thing—but the likes of Massachusetts Senator Leverett Saltonstall, Harvard President Nathan Pusey and Boston's Brahmins and businessmen; in their school days, Joseph Kennedy's children shopped there. Some New York and Philadelphia matrons wait until they hear that their favorite local store has sold some stock to Filene's, travel to Boston to buy the goods at half or a third of the price. Many people drop by just for the fun of watching—and they find plenty to see. Biting and clawing over self-service merchandise is common, and unabashed dress buyers, deprived of fitting rooms, sometimes strip to bra and panties right in the aisles.



FOR SALE IN FILENE'S BASEMENT
Hot, smelly, crowded, but happy.

PERSONALITIES

THE chairman of Sheraton Corp., which operates more hotels and motels (87) than any other chain, is a sometime composer of "popular tunes" (*Just for You, Come with Me*), who is "afraid that I haven't rivaled Irving Berlin." Ernest Henderson, 66, is better at the sort of tune he sang last week when he announced that Boston-based Sheraton expects to be in the black this year after suffering the first loss in its 26-year history in fiscal 1963. Gentle and somewhat shy in appearance, Henderson is actually a nail-hard and penny-conscious executive who goes about flipping off lights and mercilessly fires longtime employees to save money. He uses the stock market as a bellwether for the chain he helped found, spending and expanding when it rises and retrenching when it falls. A knowledgeable antique collector, a frenetic photographer and an amateur radio buff, he has brought frowns to some Beacon Hill brows by installing a shiny antenna atop his home on Boston's venerable Louisburg Square.

HENDERSON



KAISER

FEW corporations match the international scope of the Kaiser industrial empire, whose 60 companies in 27 countries embrace automaking in Argentina, cement work in India and hydroelectric power in Ghana. There is something new almost every week, and last week Kaiser Aluminum announced that it will build a new aluminum plant in Japan. The man who keeps all systems in a go condition at Kaiser is balding, inexhaustible Edgar Kaiser, 55, who moved in behind Henry J. nine years ago and transformed his father's patchwork empire into a soundly based giant. Edgar also inherited Henry J.'s restlessness. He prowls a white-carpeted office in Oakland, Calif., dialing the world over five telephones on his desk. But he prefers to jet around the globe (200,000 miles last year) inspecting his interests and finding new ways to put Kaiser capital to work. About the only place he relaxes is at his summer home on Puget Sound. Even while Edgar fishes, cruises or detonates fireworks, a plane is always kept ready. "If something comes up," says Kaiser, "I'll be there."



Tsk, tsk.

After a party, the host is often faced with several almost-empty Scotch bottles.

And there's a natural tendency to consolidate the leftovers in a single bottle.

Guess whose.

Now we don't intend to comment on the morality of this. (We're kind of flattered that the Chivas Regal bottle should so often have the honor.)

But please don't. You're not fooling anyone. Anyone who knows Scotch, that is.

Chivas Regal is a very distinctive whisky. Many people consider it the smoothest of all Scotches.

It's made with prize Glenlivet whiskies from the oldest distillery in the Scottish Highlands.

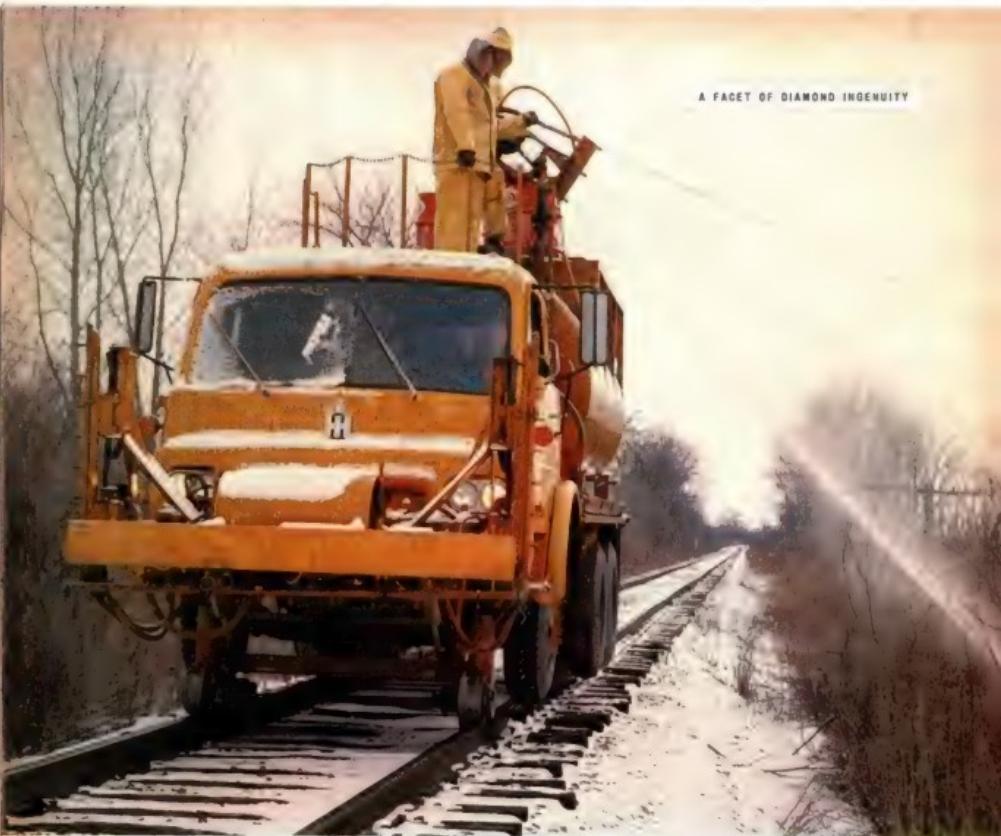
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Order a glass at your local bar. Sip it, neat.

That should do the trick.

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This truck was designed for on-track, off-track use. Under observation by a Diamond technical representative, it is spraying dormant cane killer along a railroad right-of-way. This method extends brush-killing time 6 to 8 months by allowing winter spraying.

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This method was developed by Dr. W. E. Chappell of the Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station

and Diamond during three years of intensive semicommercial and commercial field work.

The advantages are tremendous: materials needed are reduced one-half, application time reduced, kill effectiveness stepped up, hazard of crop damage eliminated, and there are no unsightly brown areas of dead brush.

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Diamond Chemicals

WORLD BUSINESS

MANAGEMENT

A Change of Ideas

There were confident Japanese and uneasy Latin Americans, serene Indians and eager Nigerians. America's top businessmen traded ideas with their European counterparts, and even a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church showed up to have his say. All of them were delegates to the 13th International Management Conference, which last week drew 4,200 business thinkers to Manhattan from 84 lands. Wearing headsets for simultaneous translations (into English, French and Spanish), they talked about the new opportunities and problems that face the managers of the world's businesses. While they discussed such matters as tariffs, credit and interest rates, their main thrust probed much deeper—into the whole meaning and

management they need to move ahead.

But the needs of men more than those of nations seemed to be the chief concern of the managers. Lebanon's Philosopher Charles Habib Malik, former President of the United Nations General Assembly, chided Western businessmen for offering the developing peoples only material ends. Said Malik: "Roads, dams, efficiency and the smile of rulers—that is all that matters; but spirit, freedom, joy, happiness, truth, man—that never enters the mind. A world of perfect technicians is the aim, not a world of human beings, let alone of being divine." Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, Archbishop of Genoa and an ecclesiastical manager who has often written on the deeper problems of management, added that "men who work today do not only ask for efficiency but for an efficiency that renders some service,

publicly opened many windows that have long been closed. The delegates came away with the realization that, if their own methods are changing in a rapidly industrializing world, their ideas are changing even faster.

COMMON MARKET

The New Associate

Europe's Common Market is prospering so much that nearly everybody wants in. Spain, Sweden and Austria are knocking at the club's door, Israel and Iran are negotiating a trade pact with Europe's Six. In Africa, 18 former French, Belgian and Italian colonies recently signed an export-boosting treaty with the Market. Last week, in the first break away from the solid ranks of the British Commonwealth nations, Nigeria asked the Six to consider some kind



CARDINAL SIRI



NIGERIA



ITALY



THE NETHERLANDS



PHILIPPINES



SOUTHERN RHODESIA



INDIA



FRANCE



BRITAIN'S PILKINGTON

purpose of the modern corporation. Specifically, they wanted to know how businessmen should square their everyday drive for profit with the broader goal of enhancing human welfare.

Efficiency with Service. The whole idea sounded utopian, and in another time would not even have been discussed. But the rapid growth of world business and the increasing sensitivity of businessmen to their place in society have created strong new currents. The remarkable consensus of last week's congress was that the old attitude of "business is business" has withered. With social awareness growing, today's businessmen must cope with new moral and human dimensions. "Why can't you think less about profit and more about people?" challenged Sverre Walter Roserøft, president of the Federation of Norwegian Industries. One way to accept that challenge was proposed by David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who urged the world's managers to form their own private task force to help the developing nations learn the lessons of good

Man feels the need to create." The cardinal urged the managers to show each worker where and how he serves and creates through his contribution to the overall production process.

More of Their Own. Sir Harry Pilkington, chairman of Britain's glassmaking Pilkington Brothers, urged the managers to increase their own numbers by sharing more of their responsibilities. Said he: "It is often not the failure to pay high wages but the failure to recognize that more people—and different people—are willing and able to accept responsibility that accounts for internal strains. The sum total of talent in any country is growing fast and it must be used, even though the risks of allowing more people to carry responsibility, to take decisions, are increasing."

To judge by the number of young faces and the liberal sprinkling of women present at the congress, the world's businessmen have already begun to realize that the need for more managers is growing faster than the supply. Young or old, the managers solved no great problems at the conference, but they

of association with it. Many Common Marketers favor the bid from black Africa's biggest nation (pop. some 45 million), believing that the new Europe should expand its influence in the world's less developed areas. Perhaps the most important indication of this feeling is that the Market has just granted associate membership to a poor but ambitious country that bears most of the burdens common to developing nations: Turkey.

Fast Development. Straddling Europe and Asia, Turkey was 300 years behind the industrial countries until Kemal Ataturk lowered the veil and started pointing its face westward after World War I. Since then, Turkey has narrowed the gap to 30 years, at least in its cities. On the surface, this big, potentially rich but long-neglected land looks as if it is striding rapidly toward industrial revolution. Ten dams are rising in the abundant streams and rivers that feed the Tigris and Euphrates,

* The only other associate member: Greece, which was admitted last November.



U.S.-DUTCH-BRITISH REFINERY AT MERSIN
Working to close a 30-year gap.

those watering fountains of ancient civilization. Going up on the Black Sea coast at Eregli is a \$235 million, government-subsidized iron and steel complex that will be stoked by coal from nearby deposits. A consortium of Royal Dutch/Shell, British Petroleum and Mobil Oil built a \$56 million refinery that started cracking at Mersin on the southern coast last year. Recently Goodrich, U.S. Rubber and Italy's Pirelli set up plants in Turkey, and Chrysler will soon begin to assemble trucks. German businessmen opened a mushroom cannery and French entrepreneurs, discovering that Turkey is acrawl with snails, started canning *escargots*.

But Turkey will be by far the Market's poorest sister. Two-thirds of its 30 million people are illiterate, more than 10% of its work force is unemployed, and per capita income averages \$200. Foreign trade, which swings around agriculture, is in chronic deficit. This year Turkey will export \$370 million—mostly in aromatic tobacco, cotton, hazelnuts, sultana raisins and Smyrna figs—but its imports will amount to \$640 million, largely in machinery. With its population growing by 1,000,000 a year, while its capital markets remain skeleton-thin because of a lack of personal savings, Turkey sorely needs more foreign financing for industrialization—and hopes to get it through casting its lot with Europe.

Slow Stages. The Eurocrats chose to take in Turkey ahead of many other supplicants because it is allied with NATO politically and seems on the right track economically. By adhering to the austerity strictures of the International Monetary Fund, the government has halted the inflation that racked Turkey in the 1950s. The Common Market is also much impressed by Turkey's new 15-year development program and by its persuasive economic planner, Deputy Prime Minister Turhan Feyzoglu, 40, a former professor of public administration. The plan is aimed at boosting Turkey's annual growth rate from 5.6% in the past decade to 7% by 1968 and calls for an investment of \$6.7 billion—much of it from the Western allies—in irrigation, power, oil and steel. As a starter, the Common Market will lend Turkey \$175 million.

Turkey will phase into the Market in three slow stages. Over the next five years, it will be granted tariff reductions on \$40 million a year worth of farm exports to the Six. Hopefully, this will strengthen the Turkish economy for the next step—a twelve-year period of still broader tariff cuts on both sides. If all goes well, the troubled and aspiring land of Ataturk will then achieve complete customs union by 1980.

WEST GERMANY

To Prevent Slipping, Keep Going

Though the success of West Germany's Volkswagen has been one of post-war Europe's most glittering economic achievements, aggressive Chairman Heinz Nordhoff, 64, feels that a moment of relaxation by his company could be fatal. "What an auto company loses in the market today," says Nordhoff, "it probably can't recover in the next 50 years." To keep Volkswagen from slipping—it is now the world's third biggest automaker, after General Motors and Ford—Nordhoff plans to spend \$375-500 million on expansion in the next five years, lift Volkswagen's annual capacity to 1,500,000 autos and minibuses. At its Wolfsburg headquarters, Volkswagen is building a new 400-acre plant, and at Kassel 2,500 workers are bustling to complete another 1,400-acre plant. Now Volkswagen has decided to build a fifth plant at the North Sea port of Emden, where the projected output of 500 autos a day will be used solely for export. Construction begins next month.

Nordhoff is also broadening Volkswagen's sales appeal. Encouraged by the growing desire of car buyers to trade up—a tendency that is rapidly becoming as pronounced in Europe as in the U.S.—Nordhoff is quietly placing



VOLKSWAGEN 1500

Guarding against a 50-year loss.



PLANNER FEYZIOLU

more emphasis on a new and bigger Volkswagen: the Volkswagen 1500, which bears little resemblance to its beetle-shaped little brother, now officially designated the 1200. The 1500 is about six inches longer and three inches wider than the 1200; has fairly orthodox lines and a pronounced front hood—even though its more powerful engine remains in the rear. It sells in Germany for \$1,500 for a two-door sedan, \$300 more than the 1200 sedan, also comes as a station wagon for \$1,600. Nordhoff hopes to double output of the bigger Volkswagen to 2,000 cars daily within six months, will slightly cut back production of the standard Volkswagen to achieve this.

Taking a tip from pizzazz-minded Detroit, Nordhoff has also brought out a 1500S, which has more chrome trim than the standard 1500 and a 66-h.p. engine (*v.* the standard's 54 h.p.). So far, Nordhoff has not shipped any of the bigger Volkswagens to his best export market, the U.S.—though some have been brought in by returning tourists. He is in no hurry. Even without the new model, Volkswagen's sales in the U.S. rose 25% in 1963's first half, to 121,884 cars. Besides, demand for the 1500 is so great elsewhere that Volkswagen is reluctant to set aside even the 700 cars it would need to give each of its U.S. dealers one car for introduction. The 1500 is unlikely to appear in the U.S. market before 1965.



AUTOMAKER NORDHOFF

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MILESTONES

Died. Nam Phuong, 49, last Empress of Viet Nam, convent-bred Cochin Chinese bride (in 1934) of Puppet Emperor Bao Dai, who used her imperial influence to further Roman Catholicism, lived apart from her playboy husband after his 1955 exile; of a heart attack; in Chabriac, France.

Died. Group Captain Adolf Gysbert ("Sailor") Malan, 52, one of World War II's top air aces, South African merchant sailor who traded his sea legs for wings, bagged 35 Nazi planes as an R.A.F. Spitfire pilot, returned home to organize 250,000 veterans into the "Torch Commando," which disbanded in 1953 after an unsuccessful campaign to change the racist policies of Prime Minister Daniel Malan, a distant relative; of pneumonia; in Kimberley, South Africa.

Died. Reginald William Lockerbie Spooner, 60, Britain's best-known real-life sleuth and chief of Scotland Yard detectives since 1958, whose most celebrated case was the 1946 capture of Sex Murderer Neville Heath, and most recent assignment was the Great Train Robbery; of cancer; in London.

Died. Donald Monroe Castro, 65, Ohio builder, who in 1921 developed on the outskirts of Columbus what is generally recognized as the nation's first shopping center, almost went broke in the Depression, recouped after World War II with the biggest chain of shopping centers in the U.S. (among the links: the 105-acre Truman Corners Town and Country south of Kansas City, the 60-acre Miracle Mile in Detroit); of a heart attack; in Columbus.

Died. Carl Atwood Hatch, 73, Democratic Senator from New Mexico from 1933 to 1949, author of the 1939 and 1940 Hatch Acts, designed to prevent "pernicious political activities" in national campaigns; of pulmonary emphysema; in Albuquerque. The Hatch Acts limit annual party expenditures to \$3,000,000, forbid all save top-level federal employees from politicking or being dunned for contributions. But campaign committees find ways to evade the ceiling, and wild horses cannot stop every good man, civil servant or no, from coming to the aid of his party.

Died. Henry Dinwoodey Moyle, 74, Salt Lake City millionaire and (since 1961) second-ranking officer of the 2,000,000-member Mormon Church, who sold his own oil company in 1947 to help administer the Latter-day Saints' formidable commercial empire, urging it to expand out of Utah into cattle ranches in Florida, Texas, Canada and Australia, choice Manhattan, London and Berlin real estate; of a heart attack; in Deer Park, Fla.

CINEMA

Young & Evil

Reach for Glory. In one of the opening scenes, a band of British schoolboys, evacuees from the London blitz, stand panting on the rim of a precipice above a roiling sea. The victim of their chase, someone's pet cat, has just plunged to death on the rocks below—and perceptive viewers will know from their boyish faces that by the end of the film the cat-chasers will be demanding a real human victim.

All the boys are dazzled with the glory of war: "You don't think it will end before we're old enough to get in it, do you?" When the school starts up an army cadet corps, with uniforms and rifles, they are ecstatic. In his day-dreams, young John Curlew shoots down a squadron of Nazis in his plane, cleans out a machine-gun nest with a single grenade, gets the Victoria Cross from Winston Churchill, and wins the adulation of the rest of the gang. In reality the other boys despise him for his friendship with Mark Stein, a Jewish refugee from Austria who is attending the school.

One day, spoiling for excitement, the boys challenge a rival gang to a fight. Stein becomes frightened and runs away: Lewis, the gang leader, decrees that he must be court-martialed and shot. Stein is shown the rifles and the live ammunition, and is blindfolded. Blank cartridges are loaded into the guns—or are they all blanks? This climactic tragedy brings on the only good scenes in the film—scenes in which the raw horror of their deed gives macabre substance to the performances of the adolescent cast. The point, as in another current film about British schoolboys, *Lord of the Flies*, is that the evil of war lies in mankind itself. Well taken, perhaps, but the little chaps must find it a bit thick that they should be so regularly singled out to prove it.



MARCH & SCHELL IN "CONDENMED"
Slogans invite spitballs.

It's That Mann Again

The *Condemned of Altona*. Hating Hitlerism is like opposing poison ivy. It is a sensible thing to do, but at this late date it is a difficult thing to do in an original or even interesting way. In *The Condemned of Altona*, a five-act drama produced four years ago in Paris, philosopher-playwright Jean-Paul Sartre almost turned the trick. His play transformed turgid history into skillful theater and tired slogans into existential epigrams. This film, adapted freely from the drama, presents even more impressive credentials. It is directed by Vittorio De Sica. It stars, along with Fredric March and Robert Wagner, two 1961 Oscar winners: Sophia Loren and Maximilian Schell. And it is written by Abby Mann, who also carried off a 1961 Oscar for his script of *Judgment at Nuremberg*. But there will hardly be any such laurels for *Altona*. It is a ponderous, pretentious, interminable Germanic muddle of a movie, one of the year's noisier bombs.

What went wrong? The script. Scenarist Mann is a competent carpenter, and he has no trouble assembling the big blocks of Sartre's story. At war's end the sensitive son (Schell) of a German shipping magnate (March) shuts himself up in his father's attic and for 15 years pretends that his country lies in permanent ruins. To his crazy way of thinking, if defeat had not really meant destruction for his country, how then could he justify the killing he had done, the crimes he had committed to assure his country's survival?

The point is perhaps too fine, but Sartre presses it with French finesse. The film, to put it kindly, is less subtle. Scenarist Mann is a self-righteous and didactic young fellow who seems to feel that he has been personally appointed by Providence to sit in judgment on 80 million Germans. In *Altona* as in *Nuremberg*, his script is angry, preachy,



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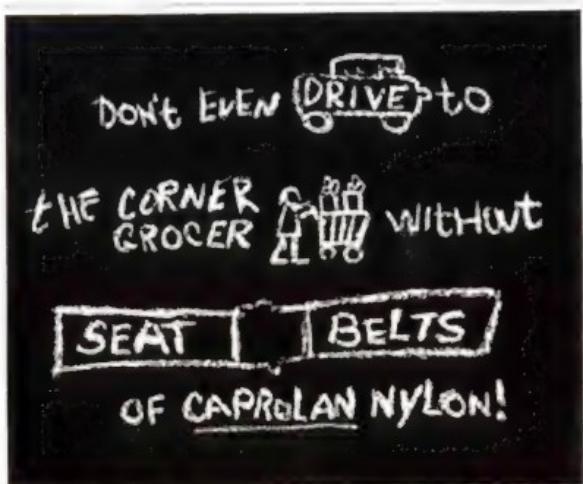
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shrill. It not only talks down. It is filled with the sort of teacher-knows-best truism ("It is better to face the truth no matter what the cost") that for reply invites a spitball.

In this Elbe of verbiage Director De Sica sinks without a bubble. In scene after scene he simply aims his camera at a famous face and hopes for the best. He seldom gets it. Loren looks stupid in a stupid part. Schell, in a role demanding virility and violence, behaves like a hysterical girl. March, for want of anything better to play, plays March. Wagner at least gives the customers something to snicker at. His sunny California accent sounds gloriously silly in foggy old Hamburg, and when he walks in to take over the family firm, he looks wildly out of place. It's as if Prince Valiant had come barging, bright-eyed and brainless, into the big board room at General Motors.

Demure & Ardent

The *Conjugual Bed* is the May-and-December movie that won Marina Vladí the best actress award at this year's Cannes Festival (TIME, June 14). She plays Regina, a demure and religious girl who catches the eye of Alfonso (Ugo Tognazzi), an auto dealer twice her age. He pursues her with such passion that she is forced to protest: "I'll give myself only to the man I marry."

For Alfonso, marriage becomes a nightmare and the big brass bed in their room an innerspring torture rack. Then abruptly—too abruptly—the film shifts moods. Regina is smugly, vittorously pregnant: the queen bee has been served. Soon Alfonso finds her frigidity as maddening as her earlier ardor. One last time she condescends, and he is carted away in an ambulance.

Bed follows the current fad among Italian films of merciless misogyny. The first half is wildly funny, the second half movingly pathetic. These two virtues add up to a fault: after farce, pathos makes a bitter chaser.



TOGNAZZI & VLADÍ IN "BED"
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BOOKS

The Way to the Depths

CHARLOTTE by Charlotte Salomon. 80 color plates. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$8.50.

The girl anticipates her grandmother's suicide with a picture. Trees are awash in the heart of an olive forest. In the distance, they have twisted into a vortex of somber terrors. The grandmother stands to one side, ignoring the menace of a sunflower that ignites the trees. Reflected fire gleams in the old woman's vacant eye. At the side of the painting, the girl adds a caption in verse:

Pain and terror overshadow the world.

The rule of law and reason is suspended.

Friendship and trust are destroyed. There is no meaning left to life . . .

Hopeless Desert. Charlotte Salomon wrote those words when she was 25, and though she assigned them to her grandmother, they were her words. Each of the 80 paintings in her diary of despair echoes them—first with innocent uncertainty, then with primitive clarity, finally with resignation. Older than Anne Frank but, like her, a German, a Jew, and doomed to die, she recounts her life as a string of fatal instants that flash past like dagger thrusts.

Charlotte was born in Berlin in 1917; in her picture of the scene, her mother's face is as wan as her bed sheet. When Charlotte was nine, her mother committed suicide; Charlotte's picture shows her just before she leaped from a window. Her father was taken to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp; her picture of him working under a guard's whip is a frenzied sketch, as if she could not bear to confront her easel. She fled from Germany; the scene of her last

night at home is a lonely vigil over suitcases.

All her paintings were done in the garden of a retreat in Villefranche, where she fled at 21 to live with her exiled grandparents when the Nazi persecution of the Jews began closing in. From this oasis she clearly saw the hopeless desert around her. She painted her lost world in the palette of Provence, but as she turned in upon herself, her colors darkened with her thoughts. And with her shattering gift for picturing her emotions, her style swerved back and forth to the radical reaches of determination and despair.

Forged Cord. The pictures recall Anne Frank's diary—but they are dimmer; there is no precocity in them. Charlotte Salomon had studied art, and clearly had been impressed by the paintings of Edvard Munch—works with all the intellectual content of a scream. She painted in pursuit of self-abandonment—only to find that she had created a new world for herself in which she remained the grey onlooker, helpless to change the course of things but committed, all the same, to watch. From this she adopted her only moral: "I wish everyone I know the experience of suffering so that they are forced to find the way to their depths."

Charlotte Salomon lived in Villefranche for four years. After her grandmother's suicide (like her daughter, the old woman leapt out of a window) and her grandfather's death, she was left alone. She fell in love. Her Jewish fiancé had a forged identity card. When he applied to marry her, the authorities explained to him that as an Aryan he was forbidden to marry a Jew. He confessed the forgery and they were married. On Sept. 21, 1943 a Gestapo truck drew up to their home. Both died in the gas chamber at Auschwitz.



CHARLOTTE DRAWING

Despair in primary colors.



MOTHER BEFORE SUICIDE



LOUIS XIV

An age in anecdote.

The Faltering Trajectory

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV by Will and Ariel Durant. 802 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$10.

Louis branded the age with his name. He was, after all, the arbiter of its fashions, the patron of its arts, the instigator of its wars. He was the Sun King, and Le Brun painted him as a god on the vaults of Versailles.

But the age named after Louis (roughly 1648-1715) was perhaps more profoundly embodied in the frail frame of another Frenchman, Blaise Pascal. Pascal began as a youthful exponent of reason and science—most notably in his studies of atmospheric pressure and the calculus of probabilities—only to recoil in middle life from everything science and reason had apparently achieved. In his last testament, the famous *Thoughts on Religion*, he emerged as an eloquent defender of religious belief. Science, he declared, was mere presumption, and man could grope his way towards the truth only by renouncing the intellect and "placing his faith in feeling." And yet Pascal was torn. "I look on all sides," he wrote shortly before his death, "and everywhere I see nothing but uncertainty."

Other Breed. The age he lived in. Historian Will Durant suggests, suffered from the same obsessive doubt, and its great preoccupation was the confrontation of science and religion, rationalism and faith. In this book, Volume VIII of his massive *The Story of Civilization*, Durant explores that conflict, from the persecution of the Huguenots to the age's finest flowering in the minds of men like Hobbes, Spinoza, Locke, Bayle, Leibnitz.

As in his previous volumes, Durant scants parts of his story to speak at leisurely length of the poets, philosophers, and men of science he admires. He finds little space to discuss the great

outward thrust that sent 17th century Englishmen, Frenchmen and Dutchmen around the globe. And although he writes of the statesmen and military leaders who helped shape the age—Cromwell, Marlborough, Peter the Great, Frederick William of Brandenburg—his sympathies lie with that other breed of 17th century men who made "all the motions of matter seem to fall into an order of law and the immensity of the universe seem to obey the predictions of the human mind."

The Accommodation. Common folk still sought a king's touch as the cure for scrofula, still believed that the twitching of a hazel twig betrayed the nearness of criminals, still looked to omens and cabalistic signs as a guide to the future. The Swedish poet Georg Stiernhielm was accused of witchcraft for burning a peasant's beard with a magnifying glass, and witches would continue to stalk the lands of Europe for as long as King Louis lived (Durant reports that in Scotland the last one was sent to the stake in 1722). But at the same time, Hooke was developing the compound microscope, which transformed the study of the cell; Nicolaus Steno was studying the development of the earth's crust; Olaus Roemer was determining the velocity of light. And John Locke, in his *Second Treatise of Civil Government*, was proposing a theory of representative government with such eloquence that Oswald Spengler was later to conclude that Locke was the architect of the Western Enlightenment.

Durant is at his best in his cogent, detailed discussion of that oddly reactionary heretic, Baruch Spinoza, who by conceiving of the universe as one elemental, infinite substance, indivisible from God, finally achieved what the age had not thought possible—an accommodation between science and religion.

Hopes & Fears. Among historians, Durant is the great anecdoteist. Catherine, Queen to England's Charles II and a lady to her fingertips, finds the King disheveled in his chambers, notices a slipper beside the bed and graciously withdraws "lest the pretty little fool hiding behind the curtains should catch cold." Peter the Great, greeted by the King of France before the royal palace, graciously picks up his host and carries him up the steps like an infant.

In his "integral method," no minor poet or scientist is dismissed as irrelevant in presenting the age in "total perspective." Yet perspective is exactly what Durant lacks. Thus he can declare that "the greatest Italian painters were now in Naples, everything flourished—music, art, literature, politics, drama, hunger, murder, and always the gay, furious, melodious pursuit of feminine curves by agitated men." But he never seems aware that the "great" Neapolitan painters were at best secondary talents, and that the true center of painting had shifted elsewhere—to The Netherlands and France.

Durant specifically denies himself

absolute judgments. His gently rationalistic view of history holds that "there is some truth in every passion, something to be loved in every foe." But with typical diffidence, Durant pronounces the age of Louis a hopeful one. "The mood of Europe was changing from supernaturalism to secularism, from theology to science, from hopes of heaven and fears of hell to plans for the enlargement of knowledge."

Durant and his wife Ariel, who has assisted with research on all the volumes, will continue to trace what Durant calls "the faltering trajectory of mankind" through Volumes IX and X—*The Age of Voltaire* in 1965, and *Rousseau and Revolution* in 1968. Provided, says Will Durant dryly, that "the Great Powers do not destroy our subject before it destroys us."



CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON
A tear for the watershed.

Left-Wing Villain

GOING TO THE RIVER by Constantine Fitz Gibbon. 277 pages. Norton. \$4.95.

As World War I approaches its centenary, more and more British writers are exploring it as a true watershed in European history. Presented by Anglo-American Constantine Fitz Gibbon, the war not only killed millions in the trenches, it destroyed the survivors. The demanding civic faith and exacting private moral code of the Victorians are the unlisted casualties. The survivors who carried on were Eliot's "hollow men, headpiece filled with straw."

Figures in this novel of invisible corruption include Dr. Talbot, rector of "Gloucester" College, Oxford, who lends his prestige to the concoction of war propaganda, and Lord Pontypool, a vulgarian press lord, whose horrible career is clearly based on that of megalomaniac Lord Northcliffe, creator of Britain's all-too-popular press. But the chief villain is one who usually appears

as a fictional hero—the sensitive left-wing intellectual. Tony Caldecott had been the editor of a Quaker-financed liberal weekly and survives the war with a combat-won Military Cross and consciousness of a desperate cowardice known only to himself and his dead comrades. Between 1918 and 1939, he profitably combines sensational political journalism with the business of being an undercover agent of the Communist Party. He has a charm of a kind, and Lord Pontypool, for one, cannot live without him. But the penumbra of lies and bad faith under which he lives infects all his acquaintances. His wife, Daisy, becomes a dipsomaniac.

Caldecott is a truly dreadful character, designed to win Fitz Gibbon no friends in British left-wing intellectual circles, who have detested him ever since *When the Kissing Had to Stop* (TIME, July 18, 1960) made the left the villain of contemporary British history. Fitz Gibbon does not seem to mind, has announced his next book as *Random Thoughts of a Fascist Hyena*.

Beauty and the Beast

THE MANIAC RESPONSIBLE by Robert Gover. 222 pages. Grove Press. \$4.50.

To an age brought up to believe that sexual finesse is almost as important a social grace as, say, good table manners, it sometimes comes as a shock to be reminded that lust is one of the seven deadly sins. Moralists who insist on this fact are likely to be regarded as bores, or boors, or both. One moralist, however, who runs no such risk is a cheerful, youthful novelist named Robert Gover.

In his book, *The One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* (TIME, Nov. 9, 1962), Gover locked up a vacuum-packed college sophomore with a pretty Negro prostitute for the weekend, and wound up proving not only that the girl was far nicer than the boy but that Gover is a comic writer of some talent. In his second book, Gover explores what he obviously feels is yet another forbidden daydream of the American male: the rape-murder of a beautiful young woman.

Hatchet in Hand. The hero is a small-town reporter covering the crime. Even as he churns out the stories that forensically call on authorities to catch "the maniac responsible," the young reporter gradually comes to a guilty recognition of his own inner feelings. His shock at seeing the body was indefinitely tinctured with lust. "I saw her lying there on the cold basement floor, nude, on the cold basement floor, lovely, and over the horror of the fact washed the desire for the act, uncontrollable, it swept me under despite me, put the hatchet in my hand so my palm dreamed the hatchet's smooth wood pressing as the blade pulled its end down and I felt my arm come up . . ."

Gover, of course, is far from being the first writer to lament the prurient

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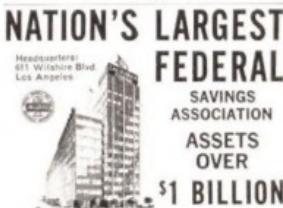
curiosity that sex crimes stir in the anonymous public. If his shocking book contained only this one macabre dimension, he might be dismissed as another literary sensationalist trying to deplore his cheesecake and have it too.

Right Sequence. Instead, Gover offers what at first seems to be some blessed burlesque relief. In a comic will-she-or-won't-she seduction scene, the clever reporter, taking time out from the case, is cosseted, cozened and finally totally defeated by a sumptuous, fluff-headed salesgirl who is canny enough to keep the only two ideas she ever had—marriage and bed—in their proper sequence. Given today's liberal standards and the girl's palpably provocative evasions, a reader is likely to find himself lightheartedly rooting for the reporter. The doings and undoings, anyway, all appear to be good clean smoking-room fun. Then, it suddenly becomes apparent that in the hero's blithe pursuit of what appears to be fair game lurks the seed of the same violence that brought the young widow to death on the cold basement floor. The frustrated reporter finds himself crouched in the dark on a fire escape outside the salesgirl's window, titillated by notions of breaking and entering.

The twist is as telling as it is chilling. Unhappily, Gover feels called upon to spell out his message in overwrought action. Hauled in by police as a Peeping Tom, the appalled reporter loses control of himself, "confesses" to the murder of the widow because, like others in the town, he has been guilty of its intent. Unhappily, this fine kernel of the book is soon lost in a mishmash of experimental literary prancing that includes not one but two interminable, nightmarish imaginary debates between such characters as Morbid Interest, Newspaper, and several facets of the hero's personality, each speaking under a different version of his name. Gover should have kept it simple.



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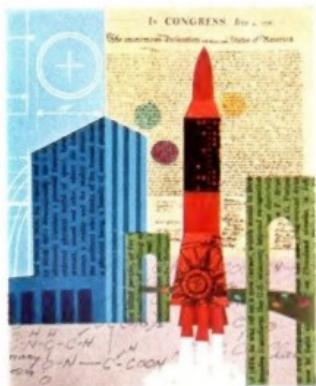
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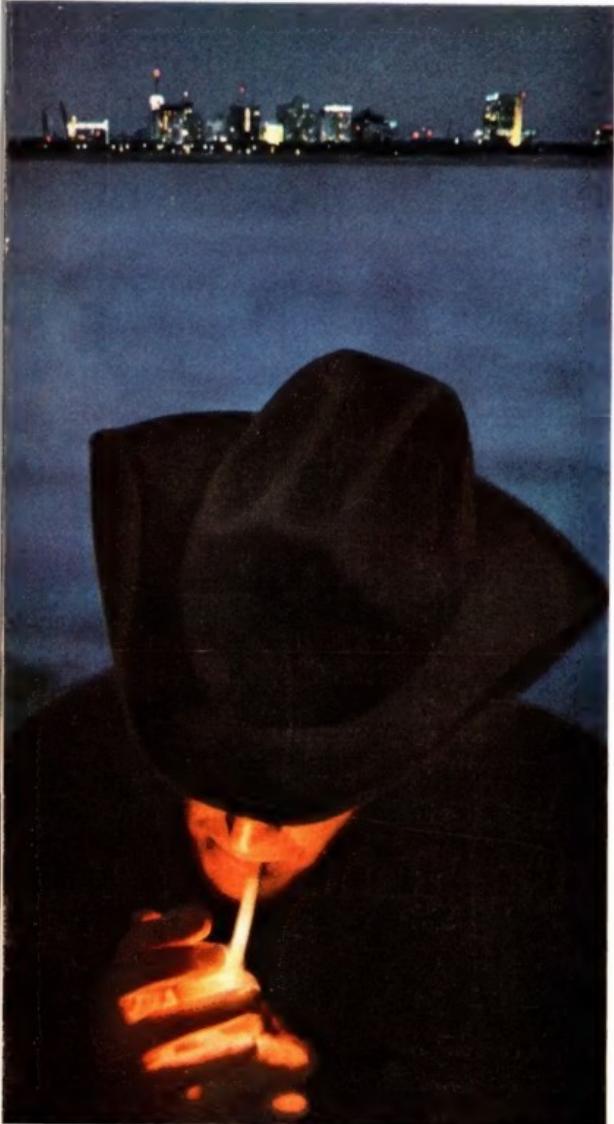
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